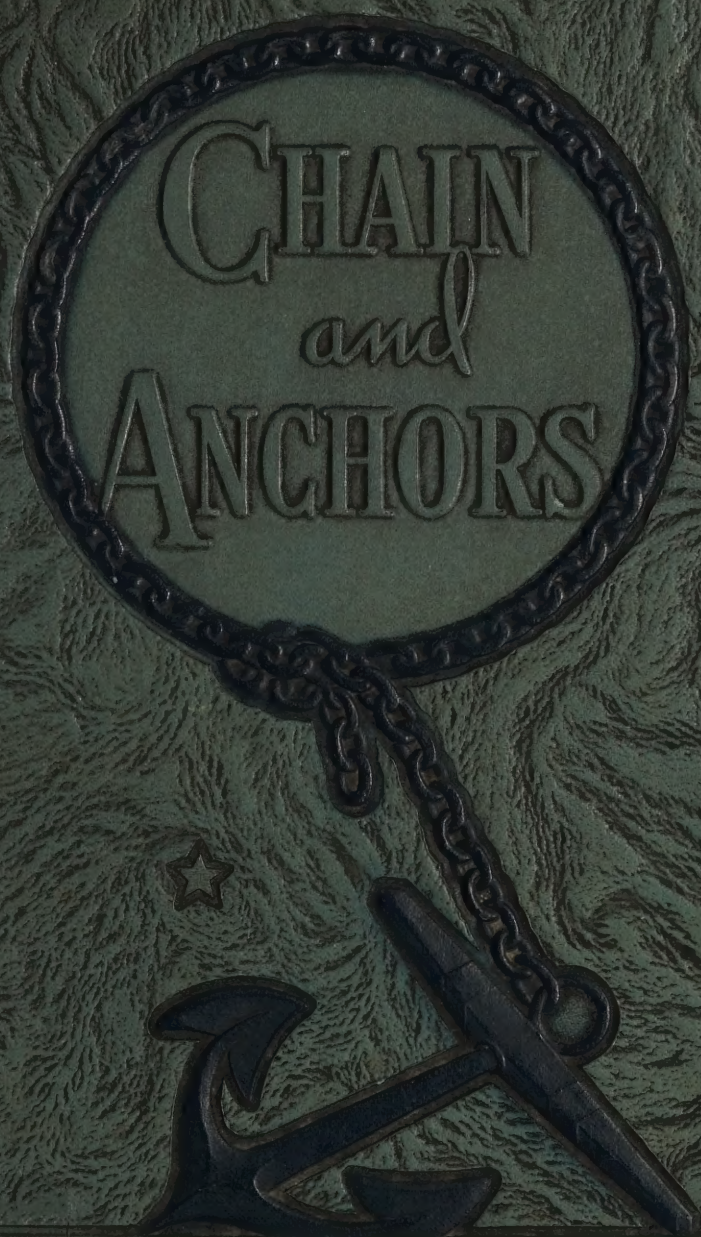




1 9 4 2



Flurence Tarantbaum

Oste Gainer

Blanca (Suey)

2nd

Sis Black

Dorothy M. Riche

2nd

Nancy J. Vafar
Lepas

Elizabeth Ann Jackson

Tina Coan

Betty Lee Bush

Betty Freed

Joan
Ruth
Strom

Perry Patterson

Rosemary Pittman

Betty Cassell

Joan Hamman

Jessie Crowe

Michael Kogor

Joan Forrestal

McBRAY

Queline Dudley

ANN

Frankie Anderson

Mary Sue Wright

Mercedes Fuenmayor

Pat Steiner

Betty Turner

Eleanor

Bridget

"Skipper" Hogewoaring

Martha Hyer

Holtzman

Harriet Johnson

Doris Talbot

Louise Foster

Betty

Shirley Smith

Mary Blackwell

Carol Davis

Carole M. Cormick

Adele

Wylde

Bobby Budd

Connie Jacobsen

Josephine Houston

Jackie Linn

Edy The Country

Seraf

Barbara Talbot

Genev Ellsworth

Frances Deitch

Joyce Heath

Frank Ann Cunniff

Jean Halliwell

Auna Ball

Mae W. Cornick

Rhylie Sherman

Jane Hurley

Sally Jackson

Louie Cox
Larry Gartner

Pat Radcliffe

Evie Hale
Dorrie Price

Frances Forenewe

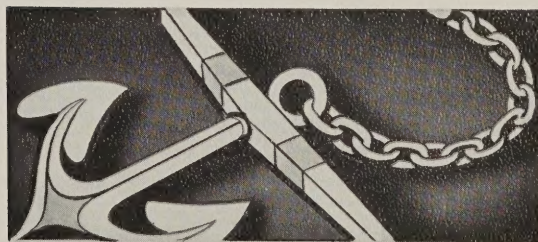
CECELIA D. GAINES
Editor-in-Chief

HELEN S. FORD
Business Manager

Chain and Anchors

1942

ANNUAL PUBLICATION OF
FAIRFAX HALL



WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

Good Luck
Shirley, want to hear "big
basketball" about you and
come, next year
Harriet Walton



Dedication

Because you are ever ready to help, whether by a friendly smile or a well-chosen word; because you are the champion of clean sportsmanship first and victory second; you carry your ideas of fair play into the classroom; you have wisdom all out of proportion to your petite size; you have accepted the honors won by your athletic prowess unassumingly; you are ever thinking of your teams' well-being; because you are so utterly feminine—in short, because you are our ideal of a sportsman, a teacher, a coach, a friend, and a woman—for these and many other reasons which we feel in our hearts but are too inarticulate to say, we, the 1942 staff of CHAIN AND ANCHORS, give you, Miss Walton, the highest honor which we as a group can bestow—to you we dedicate our annual.



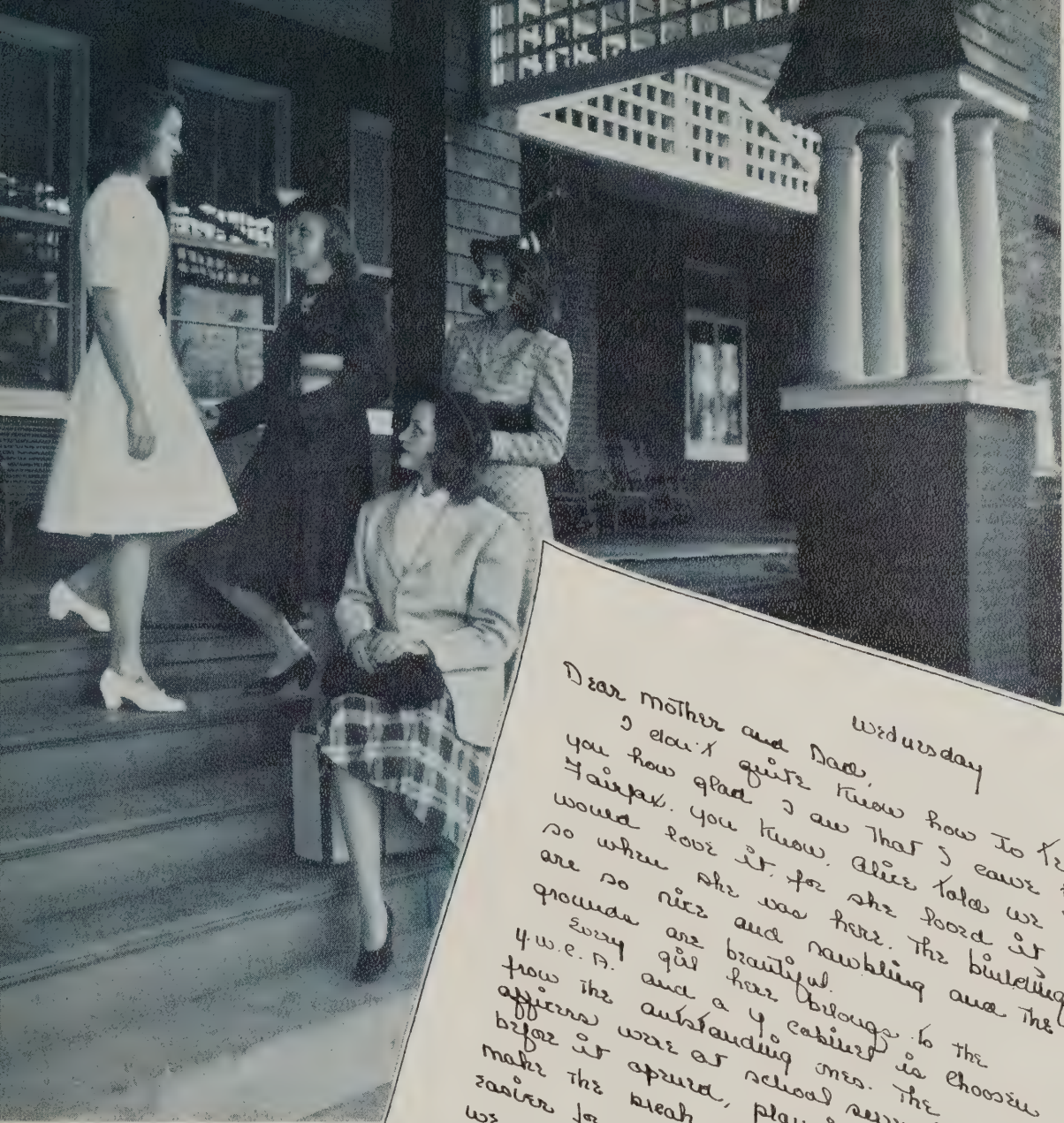
Foreward

The worth of an annual is not measured by the clearness of the pictures, the grade of paper used, or the literary content, but rather by the memories it can evoke in later years. This, after all, is the purpose of any annual. If in after years, you can pick up this CHAIN AND ANCHORS, and by having it, live again the days of 1941-42 at Fairfax Hall, the staff will indeed be repaid for its effort. This year has seen many changes in our lives at school and at home. Because of the war, we have become slogan conscious, and cries of "Health for Defense," "Physical Preparedness," and the like have become rampant. Another slogan, "Remember Fairfax Hall and 1941-42," is the theme of this annual.



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https://archive.org/details/chainanchors00fair_9



Wednesday

Dear mother and Dad,

I don't quite know how to tell you how glad I am that I came to Fairport. You know, Alice told us I would love it, for she told us so when she was here. The buildings are so nice and beautiful. The grounds are beautiful. Every girl here belongs to the Y.W.C.A. and a Y cabinet is chosen from the outstanding ones. The officers were at school several days before it opened, planning how to make the week from how to school easier for us. They met us when we arrived, had a reception, and led us through the difficult opening days. You'll hear a lot about these girls in my future letters. My ambition now is to be on the Y Cabinet!

Love,
Chris

THE SCHOOL













WILLIAM B. GATES, SR.
A.B., M.A.
President

THE FACULTY

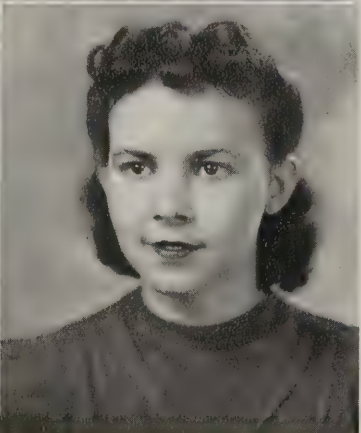
SADIE W. PATY
A.B.
Dean





*10 days -
Have a good night
Bring down the line from
- Trust and be kind!
Best wishes -
Adelaide Boze*

THE
FACULTY



*2 weeks and junior with
much to look forward
to in the future.
Best wishes.
Frances Collins*

WILLIAM C. BLACK
Violin, Orchestra

ADELAIDE W. BOZE
A.B., M.A.
French

ALICE S. BRANDENBURG
A.B., M.A., PH.D.
English, Latin, and Journalism

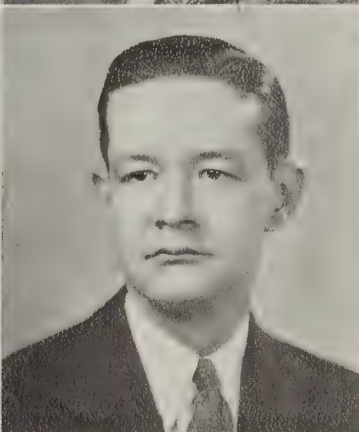
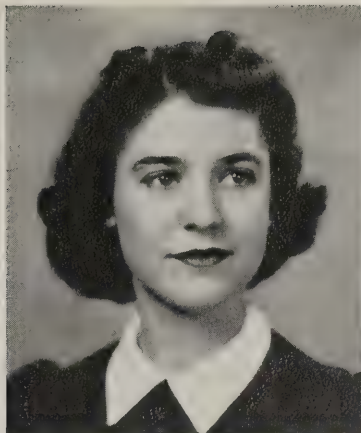
MARGARET CAREY
B.S.
History and Physical Education

FRANCES COLLINS
A.B.
Speech and Drama

NANCY COOLEY
A.B., M.A.
Mathematics and Chemistry

THE
FACULTY

D. J. Jones



JESSIE MAE COVER
A.B., B.S.
Librarian and History

PAULA DRESSER
A.B., ED.M.
Piano and Music Theory

FRANCES FOWLER
Art

W. B. GATES, JR.
B.S.
Mathematics

DOROTHY C. HILLIARD
Homemaking and Hygiene

MARY MARGARET PAYNE
A.B.
Spanish (First Semester)



*Love,
Helen Rankin*



*Love,
by m.
Helen Rankin*



THE FACULTY

MARY-PAUL PHILLIPS
B.S.
Secretarial Science

HELEN KING PRICE
A.B.
English

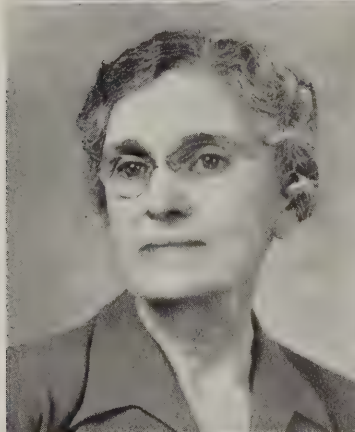
HELEN RANKIN
A.B., A.M.
*History, Social Science, Bible
and Psychology*

MRS. JEANNETTE J. VARNER
A.B., M.A., PH.D.
Spanish (Second Semester)

HARRIET WALTON
A.B., M.A.
Mathematics and Biology

FANNIE H. WARDEN
B.S.
Dietitian

THE FACULTY



MRS. ELIZABETH ROBBINS
R.N.
Nurse

J.F. HUBBARD
M.D.
Physician

AMY PLUMMER
Housekeeper

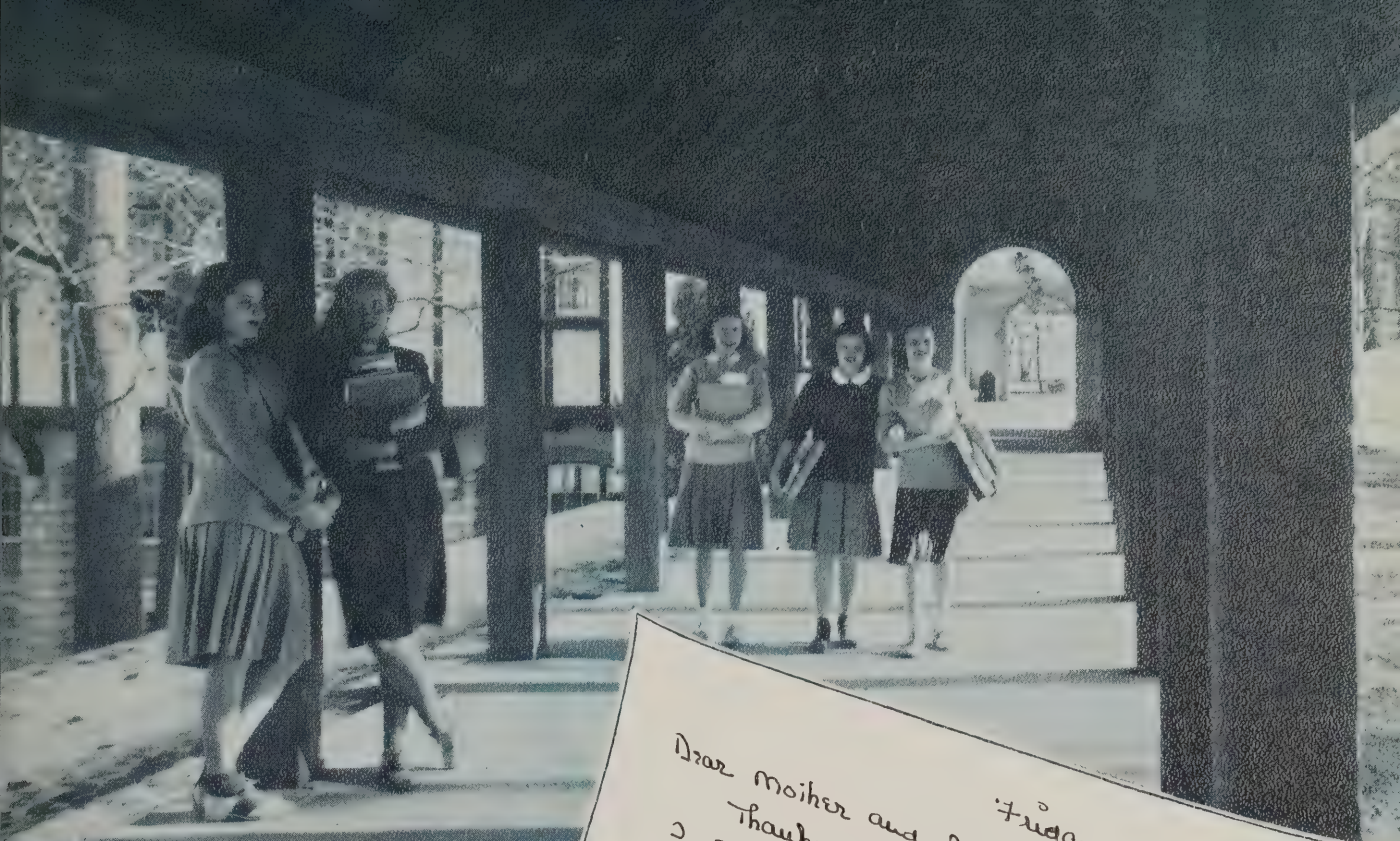
MRS. MARIE C. TENER
R.N.
Night Nurse

SWANN MARKS
Secretary

VIRGINIA MCCALED
Alumnae Secretary

*one and last wish
for every
woman's heart*

*Bent to Jerry
Living*



Friday
Dear Mother and Dad,
Thanks loads for the package.
I enjoyed it a lot. and so
did a lot of other girls! You
remember I said my roommate
was from Alabama (half the
school seems to be.) This is a
member of the junior college
class, too, and we fit each
other perfectly. We wear the same
size dress and shoes! This being
a junior is grand I have
the seniors to look up to, and
the high school to look down
on. The six classes get an very
well, not at all their throats
as back home. Each has its
officer, howe. Each has its
few you more about it later
after we elect officers.
Love,
Chris

THE CLASSES



College Seniors



PAULA DRESSER, *Sponsor*

SENIOR
CLASS
OFFICERS



PAULINE RUCKER, *President*



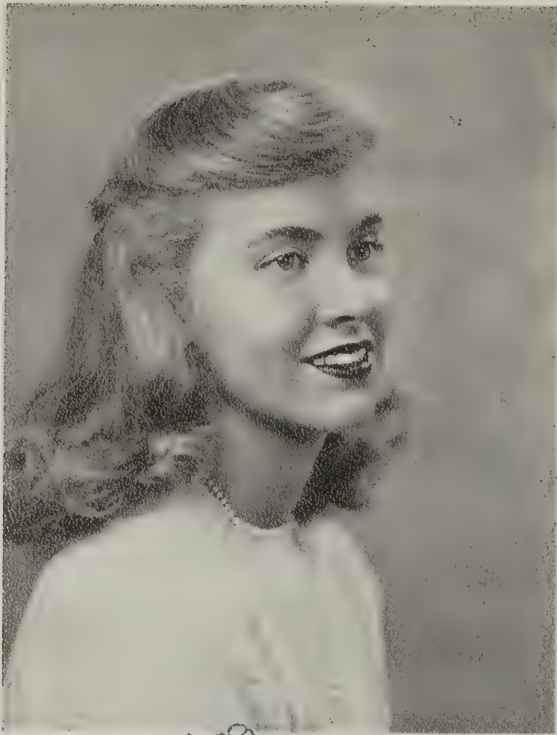
CECELIA GAINES, *Vice-President*



JANE JAC LEWIS, *Secretary*



BETTY CARROLL, *Treasurer*



Dear Terrell -
I & dear
loads of love knowing
you're still in Florida -
you're over the
give me a "ring". "Frannie"
(love,
"Frannie"

STELLITE FRANCES ANDERSON

(JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

"A Florida special"

Boots and Saddle, '42; A. A., '42; Y. W. C. A., '42



EMILY YASTE ANDREWS

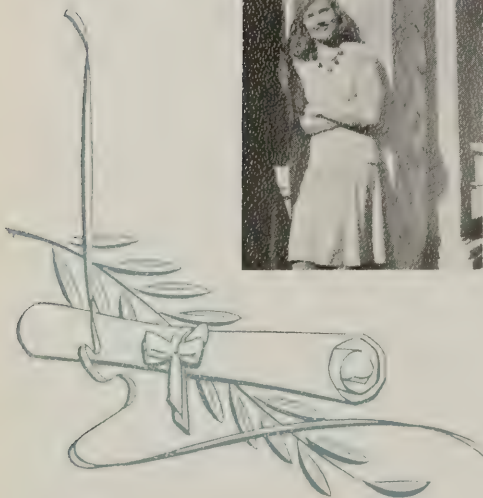
"Em"

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

"Here comes the bride"

A. A.; Varsity Hockey, '42; Secretary-Treasurer
Art Club, '41; Fairfax Players, '41, Vice-
President, '42; Y. W. C. A.; *Hall Chatter*, '41, '42;
CHAIN AND ANCHORS, '42; President Art Club, '42

Terrell -
lots of love
and best wishes
from
Emily





*Don't worry,
with you are you
St. Bernard's always fight
hard and take always
O.K.*



BETTY CARROLL

"Betty"

MARTINSVILLE, VIRGINIA

"Keep 'em laughing"

Treasurer, Senior Class; Y. W. C. A., '42

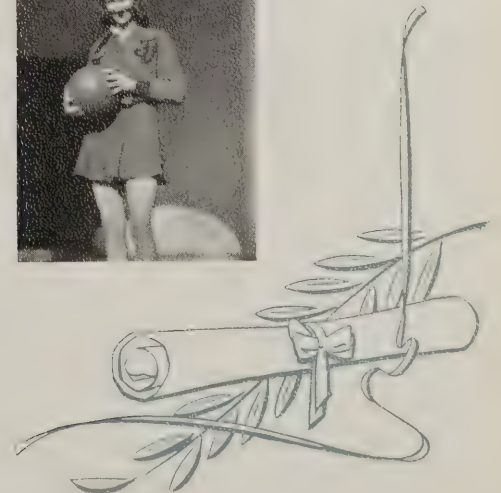
CECELIA DEAN GAINES

"Pete"

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

"Leadership—athletic and otherwise"

A. A. President, '42; Varsity Hockey, '41, '42;
Varsity Basketball, '41, '42, Captain, '42;
Varsity Tennis, '41, '42, Captain, '41, '42;
Y. W. C. A., '41, Secretary, '42; Editor CHAIN
AND ANCHORS; Vice-President Senior Class;
May Court, '42





ELA JOSEPHINE HOUSTON

"Looper"

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

"Kangaroos are so embarrassing"

Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President Junior Class; CHAIN AND ANCHORS; Glee Club, '41; Y. Cabinet; *Hall Chatter*; Fairfax Players, '41, '42; A. A., '42



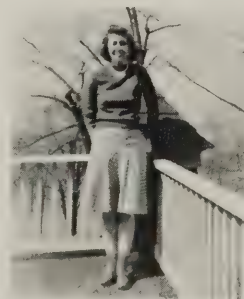
HARRIET HALL JOHNSON

"Harriel"

FORDWICK, VIRGINIA

"Sing for your supper"

Glee Club, '41, President, '42; Choir, '41, '42; A. A., '41, '42; Varsity Hockey, '41, '42; Varsity Basketball, '42; Y. W. C. A., '41; Y. Cabinet, '42; May Court, '42





ELIZABETH ANN JORDAN

"Peach"

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

"Peaches and cream"

French Club, '41; Glee Club, '42; CHAIN AND ANCHORS, '42; Y. W. C. A., '41, '42; May Court, '42



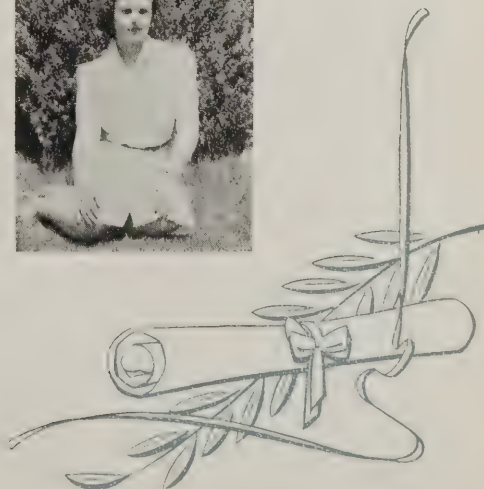
MARY BARLOW LEE

"Mariol"

NEW CANAAN, CONNECTICUT

"I'll do it"

A. A., '41, '42; Y. W. C. A., '41, '42; Y Cabinet, '42; Choir, '41, President, '42; Glee Club, '41, '42; French Club, '41, Treasurer, '42; Fairfax Players, '42; *Hall Chatter*, '41, '42





JANE JACQUELYN LEWIS

"Jackie"

EVARTS, KENTUCKY

"Blue grass - blue blood - Kentucky"

Varsity Basketball, '41, '42; Varsity Tennis, '41, '42; Varsity Hockey, '42; Secretary Senior Class; Fairfax Players, '41, '42; Vice-President French Club, '42; French Club, '41; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., '42; Y. W. C. A., '41; A. A., '41, '42; Captain of Orange Team, '42; Chairman President's Council, '42; Boots and Saddle, '42; Delta Psi Omega, '42; CHAIN AND ANCHORS, '41; May Court, '42



MARY EMILY MCGRIFF

"Mary"

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

"Beautiful but not dumb"

A. A., '41, Vice-President, '42; Varsity Hockey, '42; Varsity Tennis, '41, '42; President Junior Class; Fairfax Players, '41, '42; President French Club, '41, '42; President Y. W. C. A., '42; Y Cabinet, '41; May Court, '42



Best
love and
thanks to you
always. Hope
we meet again.
Joanne.



JEAN BRADSHAW ROUNTREE

"Square-Bush"

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

"Males plus mail"

Glee Club, '41, '42; Varsity Swimming, '41;
Hall Chatter, '41, '42; A. A., '41, '42; Y. W. C. A.,
'41, '42; French Club, '42; Assistant Manager
Hockey Team, '42; Fairfax Players, '42

Best
love and
thanks to you
always. Hope
we meet again.
Joanne.



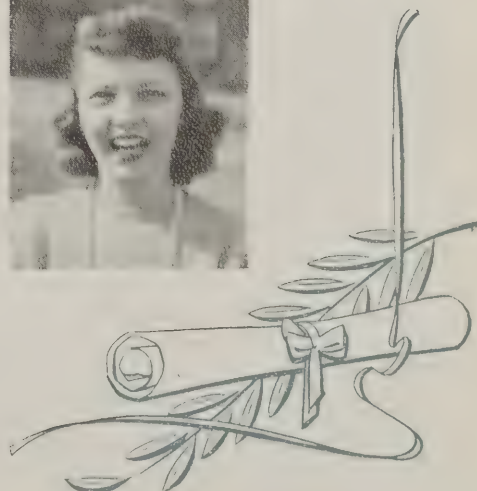
PAULINE BOWMAN RUCKER

"Polly"

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

"Lincoln—a great man"

A. A.; Varsity Swimming, '41; President's
Council, '42; Treasurer Y. W. C. A.; Secretary
Junior Class; President Senior Class; Glee Club,
'41, '42; May Court, '42





GERTRUDE DIFFEE TOMLINSON

"Tommi"

HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA

"A slap-happy baby"

Boots and Saddle, '40, '42, Vice-President, '41; French Club, '40, '41; Fairfax Players, '41, '42; *Hall Chatter*, '41, '42; CHAIN AND ANCHORS, '41, '42; Delta Psi Omega, '42; President's Council, '42; Choir, '41; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.; Art Club, '40, '41, Treasurer, '42; May Court, '42



ELIZABETH DAVIS TURNER

"Betty"

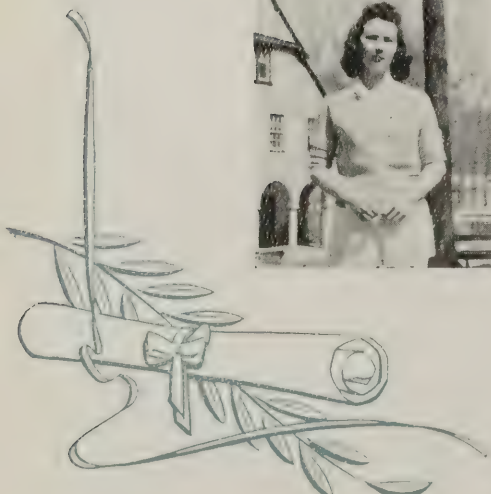
CYNWYD, PENNSYLVANIA

"Variety is the spice of life"

A. A.; Varsity Hockey, '41, '42; Varsity Swimming, '41; Varsity Basketball, '42; Varsity Tennis, '41, '42; *Hall Chatter*, '41, '42; Y. W. C. A.

*Being 2 miles you are.
-The race is a really
sweet girl - Jane.*

Betty





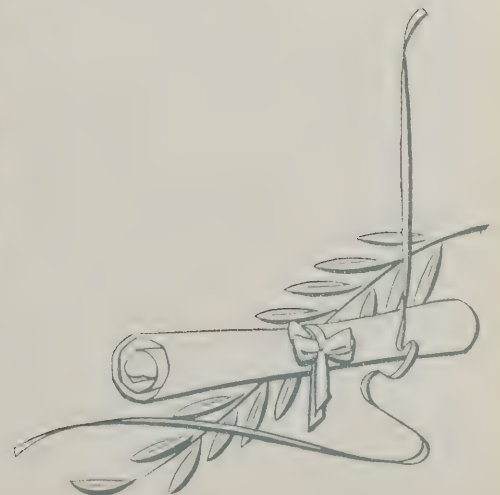
MARY SUE WRIGHT

"Mickey"

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

"Fishburne—my sister and I"

Y. W. C. A., '41, '42; May Court, '42



Last Will of the College Seniors of 1942

WE, THE Senior College Class of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-two of Fairfax Hall, Waynesboro, Virginia, being in our right(?) minds and possessing a deep spirit of loyalty to our beloved Alma Mater, do hereby will and bequeath to said Alma Mater our love and life-long devotion with the firm conviction that those fortunate ones who shall be privileged to enter these halls will find here the same intrinsic values which have so enriched our lives.

ARTICLE I

SECTION I. To Mr. Gates, our President, we bequeath our love and sincere appreciation of his wise and kindly guidance.

SECTION II. To Miss Dresser, our Sponsor, we leave our very best love and deepest gratitude for the additional happiness she contributed to our Senior Year by being the ideal sponsor, guide, and friend.

SECTION III. To Miss Paty, our Dean, we leave our heartfelt thanks for the new privileges which have been ours this year.

SECTION IV. To Miss Marks we leave our continuous amazement that she can be so constantly helpful.

ARTICLE II

SECTION I. To the President's Council we give thanks for the pleasure which the new smoking room has brought us and for the ease which wearing socks to dinner has given us.

SECTION II. To the "Y" Cabinet we will and bequeath our enjoyment of its teas, parties, and other entertaining activities as well as its spiritual guidance throughout the year.

SECTION III. To the Faxette we wish we could leave the many pounds it has made us gain.

SECTION IV. To Pung-yo we leave a scholarship to Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge, as we are sure she could pass the entrance requirements.

SECTION V. To the incoming Senior Class we will and bequeath our remarkable talent for acquiring incredible privileges.

ARTICLE III

I, Frannie Anderson, will and bequeath the leak in my room to anyone who can swim.

I, Emily Andrews, will and bequeath my love for crepe paper to be divided equally between Mr. Dennison of the crepe paper company and next year's decoration committee.

I, Betty Carroll, will and bequeath my year's collection of letters from George—both of them—to Suzette Fay. They will be in my box, Suzette.

I, Pete Gaines, will and bequeath my smoking permission to Elsie Deitrick because she needs it more than I do, and my appetite pills to Frances Deitsch.

I, Jo Houston, will and bequeath my half of Room 130 to Massa!

I, Harriet Johnson, will and bequeath the nearness of my home to Carol Davis so that she can attend more rodeos.

I, Elizabeth Jordan, will and bequeath my mathematical ability to Liz Worsley.

I, Mary Lee, will and bequeath my musical ability to Frannie Wieand in hopes that she can carry on where I left off.

I, Jackie Lewis, will and bequeath my never failing memory to . . . [Editor's Note: Since she forgot to turn in the name of her legatee, we decided she probably needed that remarkable memory more than anyone else.]

I, Mary McGriff, will and bequeath my predilection for prevarication and prestidigitation to anyone with a poker face and antidisestablishmentarianism to Jessie Crowe who can probably use it.

I, Jean Rountree, will and bequeath my good times at Fairfax and fun on week-ends to Mary Ida Smith and Cynthia Burnham.

I, Polly Rucker, will and bequeath my ability to "doodllle" in class to anyone else who is in love, and my inferiority complex to Miss Rankin because she has worked so hard to get it away from me.

I, Tommi Tomlinson, will and bequeath my passion for jitterbugging to Patsy Boren, and my unique talent for waking Miss Paty to Sunny Sherman.

I, Betty Turner, will and bequeath my position on the *Hall Chatter* to anyone else who likes to date Fishburne in town.

I, Mary Sue Wright, will and bequeath my phenomenal pronunciation in Spanish to the Fuenmayors.

Not signed, not sealed, but delivered this sixth day of June, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-two, by those mentioned above.

Class Prophecy

NOW, move over just a little to the right of that lever. There, now, we're all set for our little journey into the future with the aid of Alley Oop's Time Device. Wh—ho—osh! Oomph! Here we are! Everyone O. K.? We're in the great bustling city of Futuwhatama, time 1972—you can take those glasses off, Sara Jane; these sympathetic light waves adjust themselves to your eyes. Hungry, Frances? Here's a bottle of steak and potato pills.

But let's get on with what we came for—a glimpse into the private lives of the Class of '42 at Fairfax Hall. I think we'd do better if we circled around the country in this space-ship. Now, let's see what thought waves I can tune in. Well, the strongest one seems to come from Mary McGriff. (Wouldn't you know it!) She is making her Presidential campaign speech on "Why You Should Elect Me for a Fourth Term." What's that black splotch on the countryside? Let's circle lower and see. Yes, it's the Youth Health Group, one million strong, taking their daily dozen and led by Miss Pete Gaines. For, of course, you knew by this time that "The Women" are ruling the world. And all the Fairfax girls are having a big part in it, too, except Emily Andrews who seems to be having quite a time trying to convince Nick that women really are superior to men.

What is that trench down there? Surely not a war in this progressive age! No, why I do believe that's Harriet Johnson in the rut worn by her 1,568,324,998th trip to Dr. Richardson's. Her thought waves are sending out something about a white blazer.

Now, let's take a look into the literary world. Josephine Houston, that celebrated social reformer, has just published a new book entitled "How to Raise Your Hopes." Elizabeth Jordan has just made a trip back into the past to converse with Einstein about one of his mathematical theories.

Tommi Tomlinson is now the head of her father's furniture factory. She has just put a new bed on the market that at 7:30 stands you on your feet, puts your hat and coat on you and shoves you out the door. Ruth Massa is testing it. She says it's all right but complains of the cold. She should get one of those new "Frannie" Anderson sweater models. "Frannie" has stocked her own stores with hand-knitted sweaters and is now starting on a waterproof covering for the Empire State Building. She plans to knit one, purl two around the base and rib around the dome. Let's hope she doesn't "drop" any stitches.

What's that long line in the road down there? Why, there's Helen Ford and she is walking beside Junior carrying his ball and chain, and he has *more* stripes than ever now.

There seems to be quite a bit of controversy in the world of today. As you know, there is a movement under the name of "Be Independent of Man," but Mary Sue Wright is organizing her own group entitled "Who Wants to Be Independent?" And then we have Jean Rountree debating the grave question, "Are the Warts on the Toad's Back All They're Cracked up to Be?" Turner is indifferent about it all; she's content just to lie in that Florida sunshine and absorb her vitamin D.

The disgrace of our womanhood is Betty Carroll—she insists on caddying around the golf course for George, the champ of the Open Tournament.

Why, there's Polly Rucker! Let's tune in on her thought waves. H-m-m-m, all I can get are the initials L. L. L. and a song, "You Are to Me Everything." Oh, I get it! She's still dreaming about that wonderful Ring Figure week-end. She's absently watching Jackie Lewis tinker with her new space-ship model. Jackie is humming, too—"You Are My Chum-shine."

In the musical world Mary Lee has just published a modernistic symphony, "The Flight of the Kitchen Stove."

Well, I'm glad to see women so independent of men and taking their own place at the head of affairs, and especially our girls from Fairfax Hall. Why, where are all those space-ships going? The air is alive with them. Hey, Rountree, just a minute! Where's everyone going? What's up? *Men* have just been discovered on Mars? Well, what are we waiting for? Al—ley Oop!



The Valentine Ball

Laurel Song

Winding slowly o'er the campus,
As we bear our laurel chain
O'er the dear old Fairfax campus,
As we pledge our love again.

REFRAIN

Dear old Fairfax, dear old Fairfax,
How our hearts beat high with pride!
Ever shall we stand together,
Fairfax daughters, side by side.

(2)

'Tis a symbol of our faith,
This laurel chain we bear,
And the trust we have in Fairfax—
Oh, our hearts will e'er be here!

(3)

As the day draws nigh for parting
And we list to another call,
In our hearts will live the echo:
Alma Mater, Fairfax Hall.

(4)

We, the Senior Class of Fairfax,
Pass to you this chain of green
As a token of our love
And the happy days we've seen.

(5)

We accept with joyful hearts
The Challenge that you give,
And the promise we will keep it;
In our hearts 'twill ever live.



College Juniors



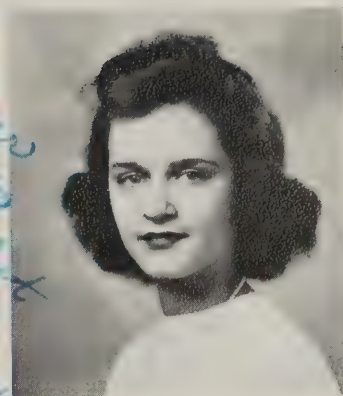
MARY-PAUL PHILLIPS, *Sponsor*

I'm looking forward to
having you in class next
year, cause you will be
such a cute secretary!!!

Best wishes to a
sweet little girl.

Sincerely —
M-P. Phillips

COLLEGE
JUNIOR
CLASS
OFFICERS



FRANCES WIEAND, *President*



MARTHA CALHOUN, *Vice-President*



HELEN JENSEN, *Secretary*

My dear,
maybe we'll see
you next year. Honey, but
I hope we'll both
forget it and be the
best of friends ever!!!
Perhaps we'll see
each other next
year - you sweet thing.
Love
Frances

Sorry, honey -

Honestly - it's been swell
knowing you and having you
as a friend. Best of everything,
always.

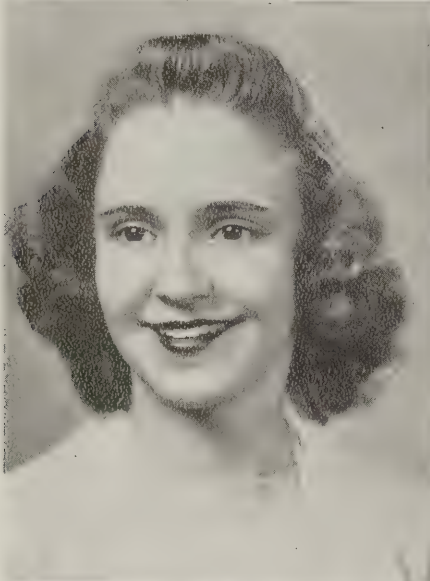
Love ya!
Helen



ANNA BALL
PURCELLVILLE, VIRGINIA

*Dear Anna,
It's been wonderful
knowing you - Best
love and hugs - Bobby*

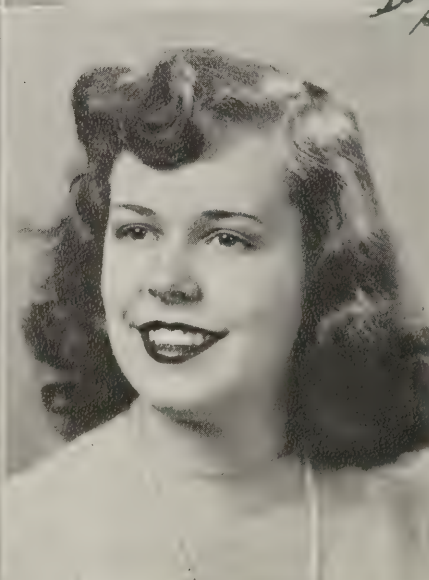
BARBARA BUDD
WOODBURY, NEW JERSEY



BETTY LOU BUSH
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

MARTHA CALHOUN
CHESTNUT HILL, PENNSYLVANIA

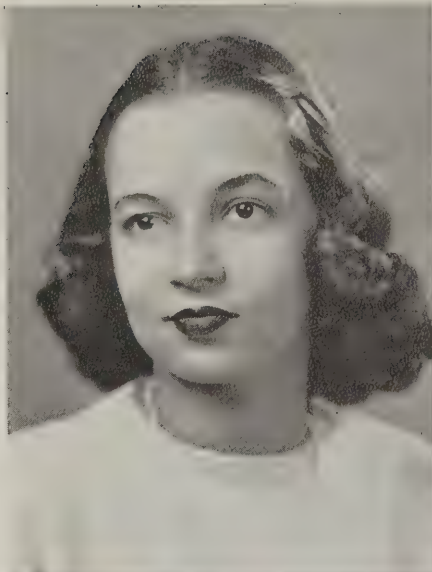
*Sorry dear,
you're really a
sweet gal. I stay the
same! Love always,
Marty*



FRANCES CAZENEUVE
PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

PHYLLIS COLES
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

SARAH ANN CUNNING
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA



BETTY DABBS
HULBERT, ARKANSAS



Dear Betty
you are a mighty fine
girl and I will always
remember
our playing
basketball
together
remember
me -
Betty

CAROL DAVIS
FORT WORTH, TEXAS



JUSTINE DePETRIS
GROSSE POINTE SHORES
MICHIGAN



EVALINE DUDLEY
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

CAROLINE EVANS
CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Hi Mary: I hope
you are well
and happy
Love
Carol



LUCY LOU FLOYD
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA



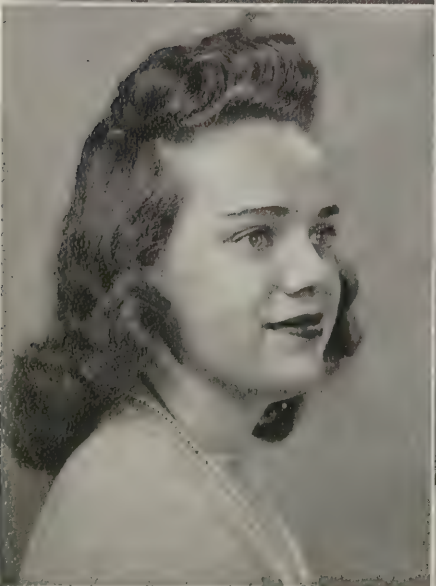
JOAN FORRESTEL
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA



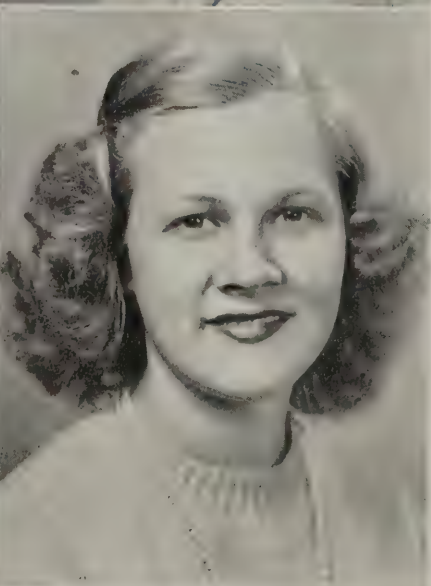
BETTY FREED
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA



PEGGY ANN GREEN
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

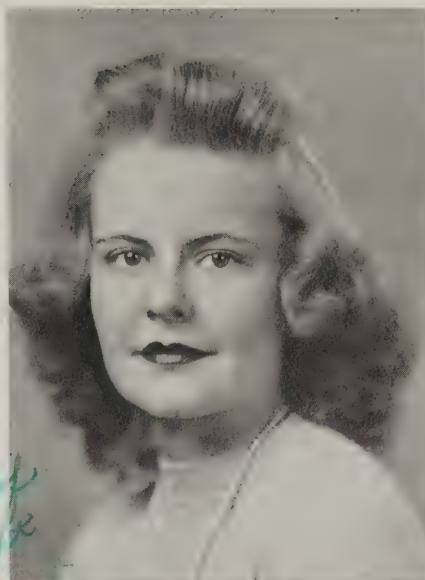


JEAN HALLOWELL
FEDERALSBURG, MARYLAND



JOANN HARMON
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

JONEDITH HENRY
WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA



MARTHA HYER
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

HELEN JENSEN
GARY, INDIANA



DORIS KOCIAN
LAKEWOOD, OHIO

CHARLOTTE LANG
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

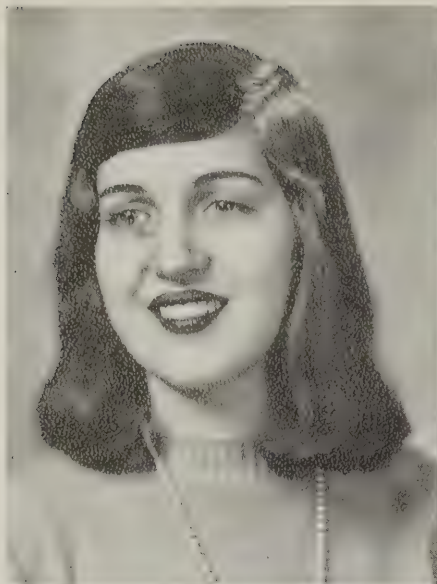


FRANCES LEEDY
ASHLAND, WEST VIRGINIA

*Dear Jerry,
Best of luck
in everything you're
doing. I'm
one small girl
hoping you have lots of
fun. Love from
your sister
Helen*

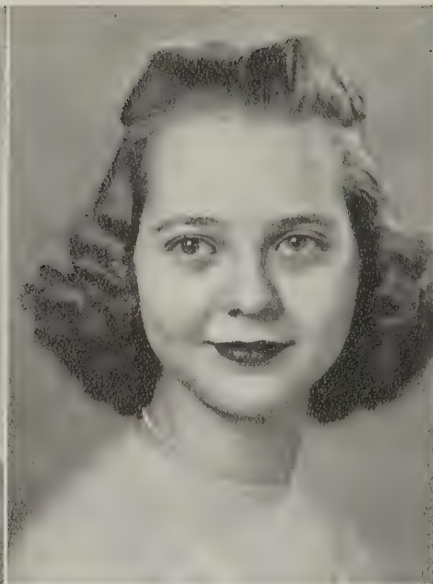
*Jerry,
Here's to all of your
wins and hope you
can ride that soon
to be
champion*

*Dear Jerry,
your one true
friend and best of luck.
Love, Neely*



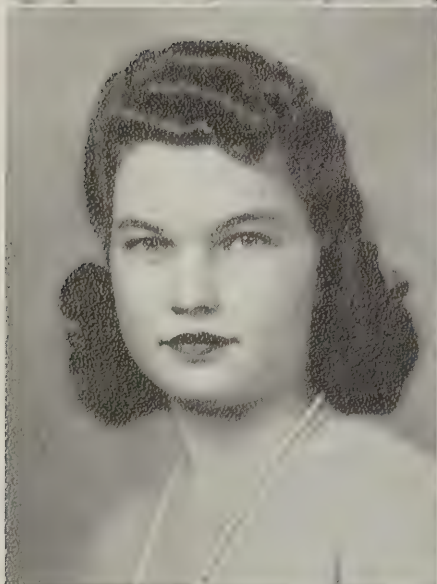
ANN MCCRAY
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

*Dear Mary:
It has been fun
at Fairfax and
may you have a
great year. Love
Ann*



SARA JANE MARTIN
GARY, INDIANA

*Dear Sara:
It will have been
happy to see you
lots
Love Jane*



DOVIE JANE PETTEWAY
LAKELAND, FLORIDA



KATHRINE SERAT
NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT



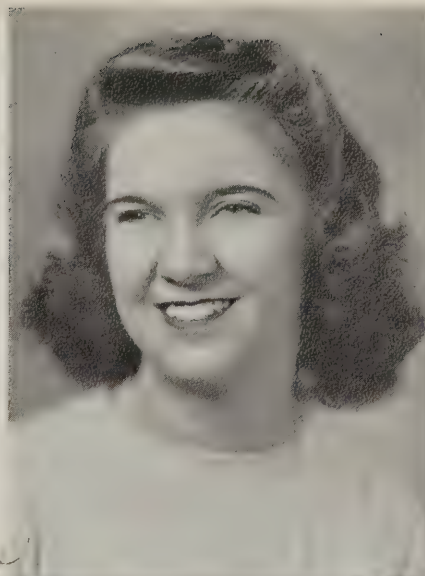
ELEANORE SHERMAN
PANAMA CANAL ZONE



MARY IDA SMITH
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

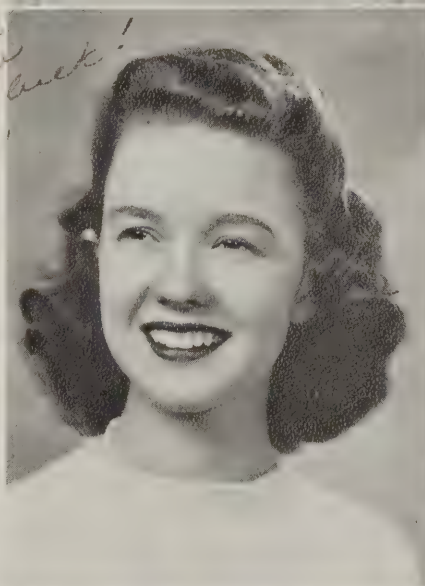
*Very lovely
and it's always
love for a girl
"Mida"*

DORIS TALBERT
WASHINGTON, D. C.

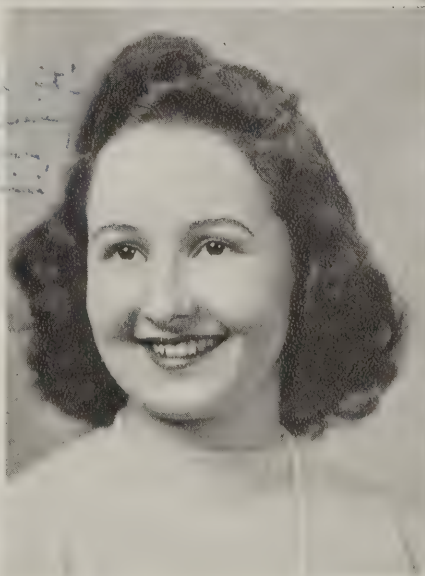


FLORENCE TANANBAUM
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

*1 day to go!
It's now 11:00
Lunch is over
year! Hello, class!
JEAN TRAMMELL
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA*



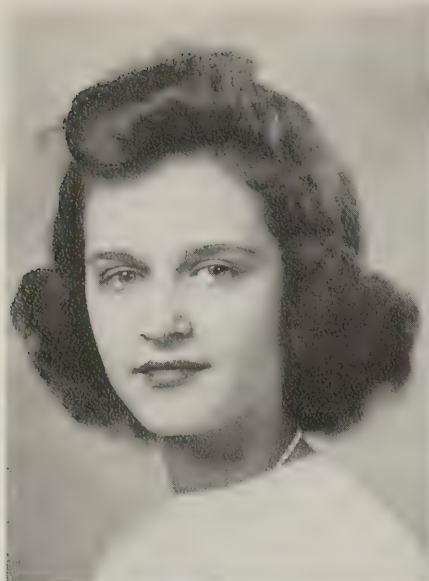
MARY VANDEVENDER
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA



VIRGINIA VAN DYKE
WEST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

CHARLOTTE WHITE
LAKEWOOD, OHIO

*Does any
little girl
you be nice
to all the
little boys
near? But
of luck
always!
Love
Charlotte*



FRANCES WIEAND
ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA



ELIZABETH WORSLEY
SUMMIT POINT, WEST VIRGINIA



NANCY ZIEGLER
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

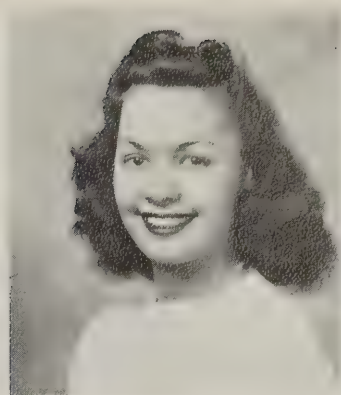


High School Seniors



FRANCES COLLINS, *Sponsor*

H I G H
S C H O O L
S E N I O R
C L A S S
O F F I C E R S



SARAH JACKSON, *President*



JANE COX, *Vice-President*



LORRAINE GARTNER, *Secretary*



SHIRLEY SMITH, *Treasurer*



JOYCE AGRICOLA

"Aggie"

GADSDEN, ALABAMA

"Belle of the Southland"

Y. W. C. A., '42



ADELE GENE BLOCH

"Sis"

SELMA, ALABAMA

"Laugh and the world laughs with you"

Y. W. C. A., '41, '42; French Club, '41, '42;
Boots and Saddle, '42; Secretary Masque and
Gavel, '42





JANE GERTRUDE COX

"Coxie"

PORTCHESTER, NEW YORK

"Your heart's desire be with you"

Y. W. C. A., '40, '41, '42; "Y" Cabinet, '42; Fairfax Players, '41, '42; French Club, '41, '42; A. A., '40, '41, '42; Varsity Hockey, '40, '41, '42; Varsity Basketball, '41; Choir, '41, '42; *Hall Chatter*, '40, '41, '42; Glee Club, '40, '41, '42; Secretary Sophomore High School Class; Vice-President Senior High School Class; President's Council, '42; May Court, '42



JESSIE DURKEE CROWE

"Jessie"

STROUDSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

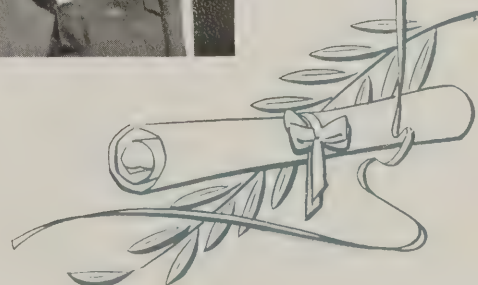
"Whose words all ears took captive"

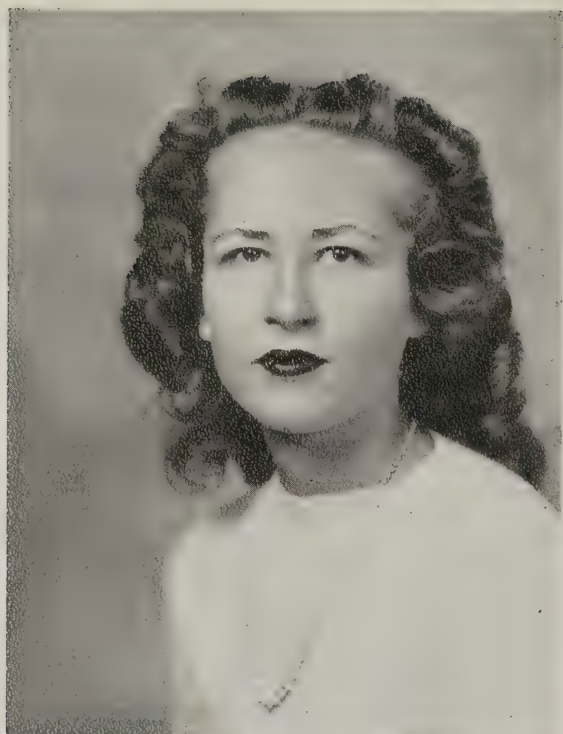
Y. W. C. A., '40, '41, '42; A. A., '42; French Club, '41, '42; Vice-President Junior Class; *Hall Chatter*, '41, '42; May Court, '42



Dearest Terry,
I shall never forget the perfectly adorable girl who lived across the hall. My how you have wowed us!

Love,
Jessie





*Boysen,
Catalina Duck*

KATHRYN DINGMAN *"Kay"*

"Kay"

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

"Still water runs deep"

Y. W. C. A., '42; Glee Club, '42; Art Club, '42



*may next year
be just as much
fun as this and
more than twice.*

WINIFRED YOUNG FARRIN

"Wini"

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

"Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered"

Y. W. C. A., '41, '42; Boots and Saddle, '41, '42;
French Club, '41, '42





LORRAINE SHIRLEY GARTNER

"Larry"

EDGEWOOD, RHODE ISLAND

"You are my sunshine"

Y. W. C. A., '40, '41, '42; Hall Chatter,
'40, '41, '42; Fairfax Players, '41, '42; French
Club, '40, '41, '42; Secretary-Treasurer Junior
High School Class; Secretary Senior High School
Class; Art Club, '40, '41, '42; May Court, '42



PEARL PENELOPE GLASER

"Penny"

WOODMERE, NEW YORK

"Sidewalks of New York"

Y. W. C. A., '42; Hall Chatter, '42

*Dear Terry,
It's been fun
knowing you.
I always
"Pearl"*





JUSTINE GORDON

"Justine"

NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

"Oh, Flo!"

Y. W. C. A., '41, '42; *Hall Chatter*, '41, '42;
Fairfax Players, '41, '42; CHAIN AND ANCHORS, '41



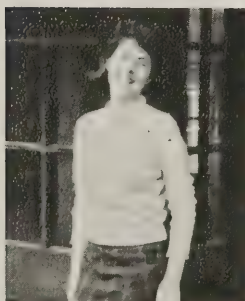
SARAH HURST JACKSON

"Sally"

BEAVER FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA

*"I'm going to sit right down
And write myself a letter"*

Y. W. C. A., '40, '41, '42, "Y" Cabinet, '41, '42;
Fairfax Players, '40, '41, '42, President Fairfax
Players, '42; French Club, '41, '42; A. A., '41, '42;
Varsity Hockey, '41, '42; Choir, '40, '41, '42;
Glee Club, '40, '41, '42; Masque and Gavel, '42,
Vice-President Masque and Gavel, '42; *Hall
Chatter*, '40, '41, '42; Class President, '40, '41,
'42; President's Council, '41, '42; May Court
Page, '41, May Court, '42





*Don't try to
 you sure hope
 what it takes
 keep it up money
 love Muriel*

MURIEL KIRSCHNER

"Muriel"

PELHAM MANOR, NEW YORK

"Deep in a dream"

Y. W. C. A., '42; Glee Club, '42



*Try to be a
 real pleasure
 in every word
 you say. Don't
 forget the friends
 that are with you.
 Jeanne*

JEANNE IRIS LIEDERMAN

"Jeanne"

NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

"I could write a book about you"

Y. W. C. A., '41, '42; French Club, '41; Glee Club, '41, '42; Vice-President Choir, '41, '42; Art Club, '41, '42; *Hall Chatter*, '41, '42; CHAIN AND ANCHORS, '42; May Court, '42





CAROL MCCORMICK

"Carol"

LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

"Strawberry Blonde"

Y. W. C. A., '42; French Club, '42



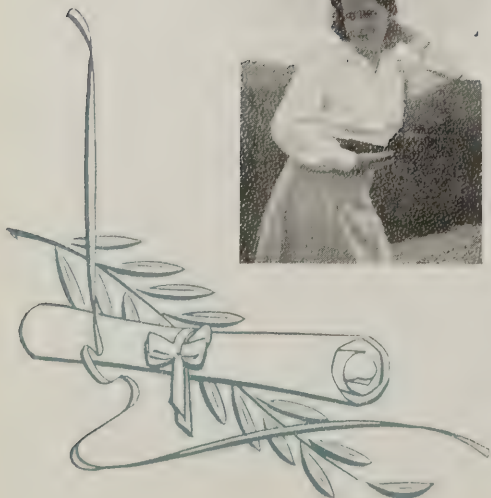
EDITH MCCORMICK

"Mac"

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

"All the world is a stage"

Y. W. C. A., '40, '41, '42; Masque and Gavel, '42;
Fairfax Players, '40, '41, '42; Vice-President
Sophomore High School Class; A. A., '40, '41,
'42; Swimming Team, '40





Dearest & very
 dear & lovely
 friend & roommate
 don't forget you
 Be good - have fun
 & lots of success
 in the future
 Love you
 - Alice

SUSAN JACQUELYNE MCKINNEY

"Sue"

ITHACA, NEW YORK

"It's the little things in life that count"

Y. W. C. A., '41, '42; Fairfax Players, '41, '42;
 Swimming Team, '41; A. A., '41, '42



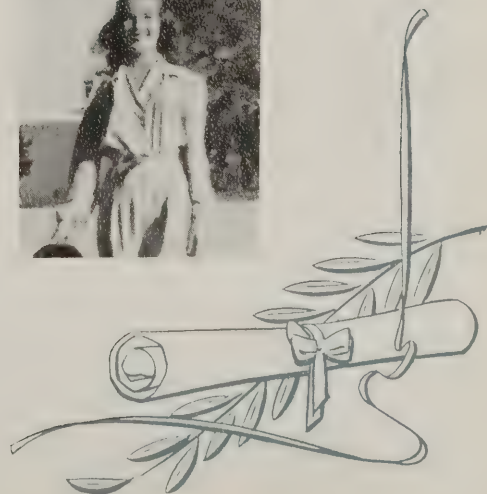
JACQUELYN MCWIN

"Jackie"

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

"First lady of Virginia"

Y. W. C. A., '42





BARBARA LOU PATTERSON

"Penny"

COLUMBUS, OHIO

"A 'penny' for your thoughts"

Hall Chatter, '42; Y. W. C. A., '41, '42; Art Club, '41, '42; A. A., '42; Varsity Tennis, '42



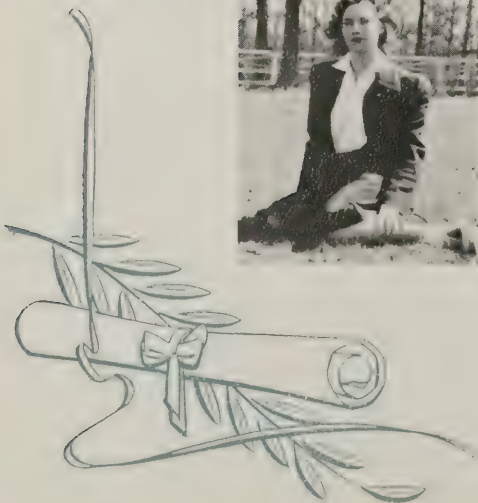
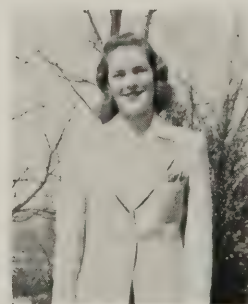
JANE LEA PRICE

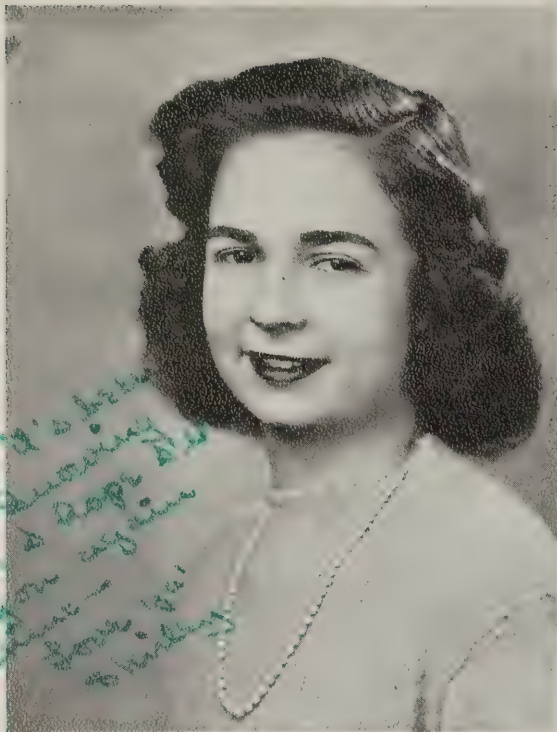
"Janie"

QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

"As merry as the day is long"

Y. W. C. A., '42; A. A., '42; Varsity Hockey, '42; Varsity Basketball, '42; Varsity Tennis, '42





SHIRLEY ADAIR SMITH

"Smythe"

CORONADO, CALIFORNIA

"I love a parade"

Y. W. C. A., '42; Varsity Hockey, '42; Varsity Basketball, '42; Treasurer Senior High School Class; A. A., '42; Masque and Gavel, '42; CHAIN AND ANCHORS, '42



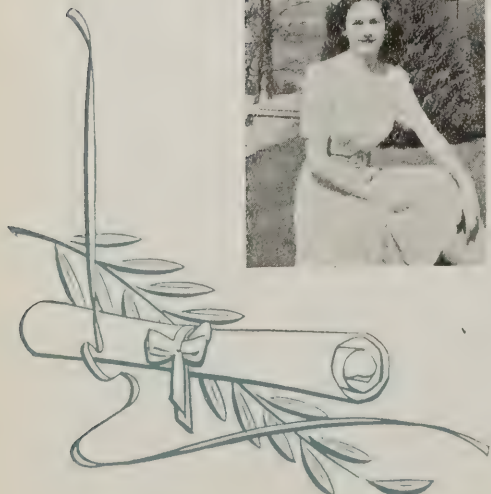
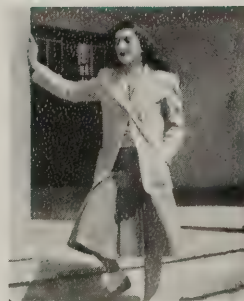
JOAN RUTH STERNBERG

"Joan"

NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

"Does this have nuts in it?"

Y. W. C. A., '42



*Joan Sternberg
to Larry
I'll
always re-
member you
and A. M. H.
you're
a jewel!
Love,
Joan*



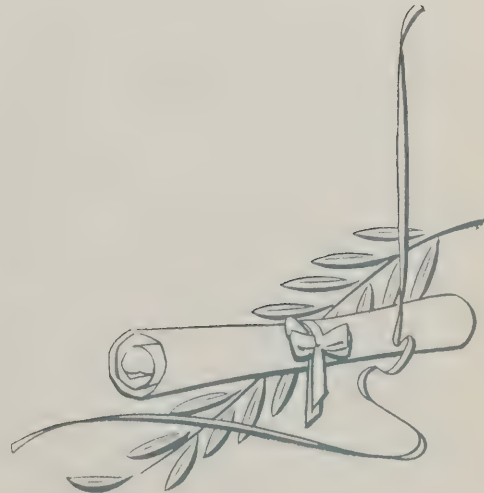
MARY BYRD TUCKER

"Byrdie"

ASHLAND, VIRGINIA

"Long but Broadfoot"

Y. W. C. A., '42; Choir, '42; Glee Club, '42 ..



Will of the High School Seniors

ON THIS eighth day of June, in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Forty-two, we, the undersigned Senior High School Class of Fairfax Hall, Waynesboro, Virginia, located in these United States of America, being of sane though slightly weary mind, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I

SECTION 1. To Fairfax Hall we leave our gratitude for many happy days and for the friendships found within its portals.

SECTION 2. To "Dad" Gates we leave our sincere appreciation for his guidance and fatherly understanding.

SECTION 3. To Miss Paty we leave our gratitude for her willing co-operation.

SECTION 4. To Miss Collins, our Sponsor, we leave our love and thanks for helping us through a wonderful year.

SECTION 5. To the present Junior Class we leave our Ring Figure, Senior English and the joy of Senior privileges that, when they have weathered the storm of Junior days, they may at last attain the Elysian heights of "Senior Class."

ARTICLE II

I, Joyce Agricola, leave my Southern drawl to Bobbie Isaacs in the hope that it counter-acts that Pennsylvania Dutch.

I, Sis Bloch, hereby bequeath my broken teeth and bruised anatomy to all future equestrian aspirants that they may not have to experience the tortures that I have suffered.

I, Jane Cox, leave the joy of having "him" so close to those whose "hims" are so far away.

I, Jessie Crowe, leave my pianistic talents to Martha May so that she may henceforth swing down the chromatic scale without fear of reprimand from the powers that be.

I, Kay Dingman, leave my unsaid thoughts to Jean Davis who leaves no things unsaid.

I, Winnie Farrin, leave my lack of ability to sit still to Gloria Friend who never stands when a chair is within easy reach.

I, Larry Gartner, leave my Florida tan to you Southern gals who are afraid of going out in the sun.

I, Pearl Glaser, leave my ability to chatter to Elsie Deitrick who seems to be doing all right without it.

I, Justine Gordon, leave my firm foundation to Fairfax Hall.

I, Muriel Kirschner, leave my even temperament to the temperamental artistes in the Junior class.

I, Jeanne Liederman, leave—period!—the wild desire of many a Junior.

I, Carol McCormick, leave to my roommate, Frances Deitsch, my superior knowledge and cunning in gin rummy that she may conquer the next victim who might fall into her hands.

I, Edith McCormick, leave my dream that came true to Dot Price in hopes that hers will too.

I, Jackie McWin, leave my Rogues' Gallery to inspire the Fairfax girls struggling with "correctives."

I, Penny Patterson, leave my good humor to Gwen Ellsworth who always comes up smiling.

I, Sue McKinney, leave my love for Cornell to Joyce Heath just to kindle that spark a little more.

I, Jane Price, leave my unlimited energy to Nancy Hafner who could use a little extra.

I, Sally Jackson, leave my presidential worries to the one who will become next year's Senior Class President, and may heaven guide her in her approaching trials and tribulations! (P. S.—But it's only once in a lifetime.)

I, Shirley Smith, leave my love of the Marine Corps to all those who "Remember Pearl Harbor."

I, Phyllis Sherman, leave "my lyric soprano" to Frances Deitsch in order that she may get in the choir next year.

I, Pat Radcliffe, leave my love for Waynesboro, and I don't mean the town, to Ray Massey.

I, Joan Sternberg, leave my eternal questions to Professor Quiz—may he go on forever.

We, the Seniors, hereby bequeath to the "Isaacs" crowd our ability to stay young and enjoy life as it comes.

A Fantasy in One Class

SCENE

The curtain rises on the mystic realm of Shangri-Fax, the enchanting paradise where dream castles are molded and become an actuality.

TIME

The Dreamy Future

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The idealistic Senior High School Class of Fairfax Hall

The action begins late in the afternoon of a beautiful spring day, and continues into the evening of the same day. The First Lady of Shangri-Fax, Sally Jackson, enters. She is accompanied by her trusty assistants—Jane Cox, Larry Gartner, and Shirley Smith. They have met for a royal fiesta in the Garden of the Stardust.

SHIRLEY: Shall we call the Ladies of the Court?

SALLY: The summons has been made and the Ladies will arrive immediately.

LARRY (*As Sis Bloch enters*): The guests are beginning to arrive, Sis. As the leading artist of the ether waves, will you announce them, please?

SIS: Jessady Crowe, the outstanding actress, better known on Broadway as the second Orson Welles.

JESSIE: Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps this petty pace from day to day. Ah, here comes the leading lady of the stage, Mac McCormick.

MAC: Cut the comedy, Hamlet. You're corny.

COXIE: There is Jeanne Leiderman. Isn't it grand how her charming personality is idolized by all the little tots in her Children's Playhouse?

JEANNE: I hear my kindergarten being talked about. Better come over to defend them. Oh, hello, Pat Radcliffe, the great Olympic Swimming Star! Pat, may I bring my pupils over to watch you one day?

PAT: Sure, I like company; bring 'em all. Hi there, Sis, keep on announcing—here's Sue.

SIS: The Nobel Prize Winner in the field of Chemistry, Madame Susan McKinney.

SUE: My initiative is flowing in vehement spurts. I have an experiment exploding, a patient dying, and a letter to write. We must hurry! There's Penny, my old roommate, the greatest woman explorer of the country. Welcome back from Africa, Penny!

PENNY: May I present to your Highnesses of Shangri-Fax the Fe Fi Florum Bird that I captured in the depths of Africa? It is the symbol of happiness and, as joyousness reigns supreme here, I leave it with you.

SHIRLEY: Since you just got back from Africa, I don't imagine you've heard about Joyce Agricola being chosen No. 1 Deb.

PENNY: I must congratulate her. Joyce, I just heard the news—I'm so glad!

JOYCE: Thank you, Penny. By the way, did you know that Betty Jane Frantz is being married next week?

BETTY: All the plans have me so excited! Larry, don't you want to give up your career for marriage?

LARRY: Oh no, I think my work is still foremost, which reminds me—as our most sophisticated and glamorous model, Joan Sternberg, will you try my new creations?

JOAN: Why Larry, I'd be simply delighted, for it isn't every day that a girl gets the chance to wear a dress created by the foremost designer of the day. I should have thought that you would have wanted Jackie McWin, the famous photographers' and illustrators' model of *Vogue*. Speaking of Jackie, here she is!

JACKIE: Mary Blackwell and I just came from the National Editorial Conference, of which Mary is the distinguished chairman.

MARY: There's an interesting foursome playing gin rummy. Let's go over and join them. Why, it's Jane Price, Muriel Kirschner, Kay Dingman, and Carol McCormick.

JANE: Come on over! Carol was just telling us about her fascinating experiences as a French interpreter, besides being the world's largest sweepstakes' winner in gin rummy.

CAROL: *Merci*, but Jane, your experiences are even more exciting than mine! Being the sweetheart of the Marines!

JANE: Which reminds me that I am to attend the christening of a new battleship. Kay, you are the most outstanding buyer of Manhattan, will you select my wardrobe?

KAY: If I can drag myself away from the celebrated parties given by Muriel Kirschner, the charming and brilliant hostess of the era.

MURIEL: You know my ambition was to be a buyer too, Kay, but I found entertaining too intriguing to abandon. (*Enter Phyllis Sherman in a cloud of Suivez-Moi.*) Phyllis, while you are here let me grab you to sign a contract to sing at my Benefit Dinner. What a success it will be to have the Prima Donna of the Met!

PHYLLIS: I shall keep your engagement if I have to break all the others. Tomorrow I am assisting Sally, the clever, bewildering Journalist who is giving a lecture at the Nurses Retreat. Here she is now, coming to join us, bringing with her the Four Leading Nurses of the day.

SALLY: It's wonderful how Justine Gordon kept us all up to the minute with her current events. Even now with her analysis of world events by her syndicated column and her radio commentaries we are surrounded by news.

JUSTINE: My greatest news was to announce the four famous Guardian Angels of the United States Armed Forces: Jane Cox of the Air Corps; Shirley Smith, Florence Nightingale of the Marines; Pearl Glaser, Angel of Mercy of the Navy; and Winnie Farrin, Patron Saint of the Army.

PEARL: It's only that the dreams of our youth were to become nurses.

WINNIE: Confidentially, I always liked the uniform nurses wear. The little white caps intrigued me.

SALLY: Whatever were your dreams, whatever your ideals, I'm only happy to see that you are still dear friends and have given the best of your talents to the best of things.

The Curtain Falls



High School
Juniors

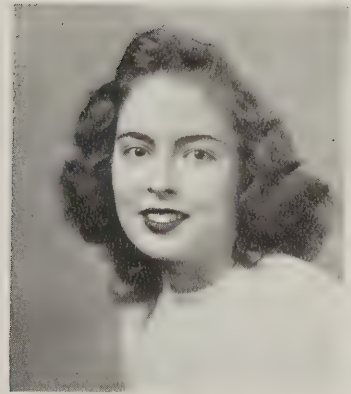


HELEN PRICE, *Sponsor*

"Hello, you
 all! You
 said I was proud
 this year and
 looking forward
 to the year
 1934. I am
 glad."



EVELETH HALE, *President*

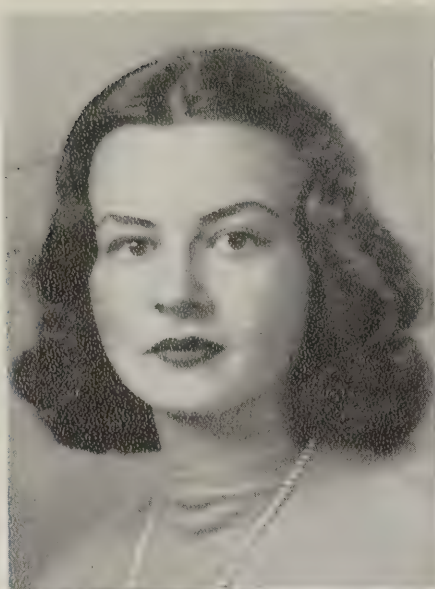


ELSIE DEITRICK, *Vice-President*

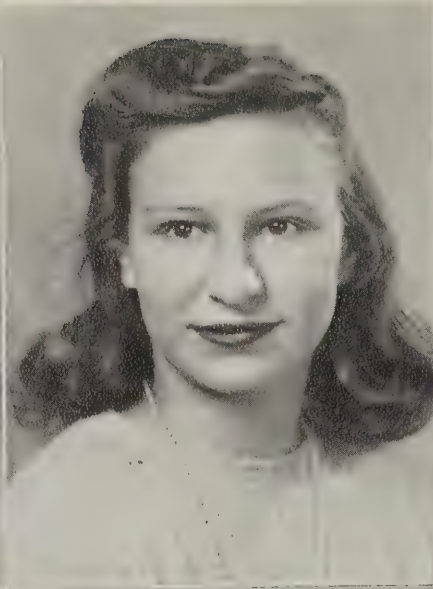
H I G H
 SCHOOL
 JUNIOR
 CLASS
 OFFICERS



LLOYD LIST, *Secretary*



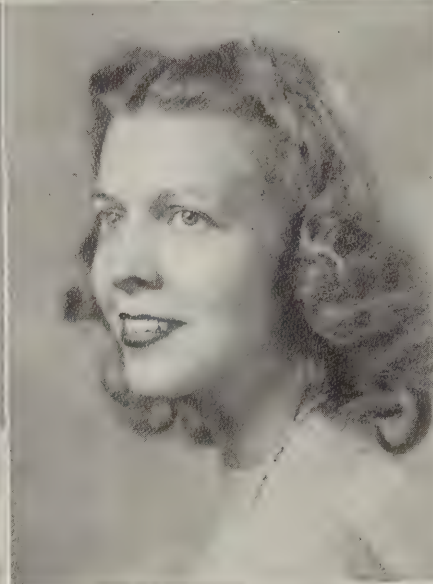
PATSY BOREN
GASTONIA, NORTH CAROLINA



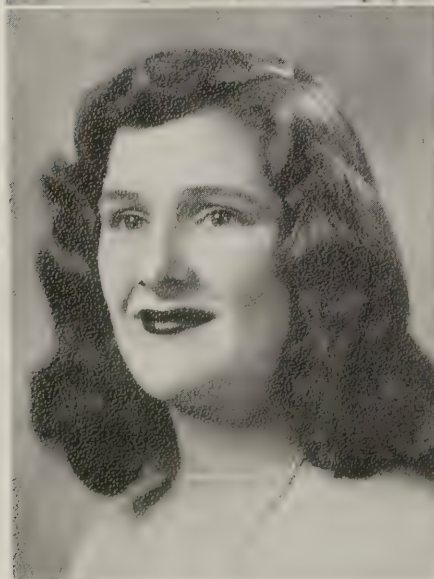
VIRGINIA BRUMBERG
BUFFALO, NEW YORK



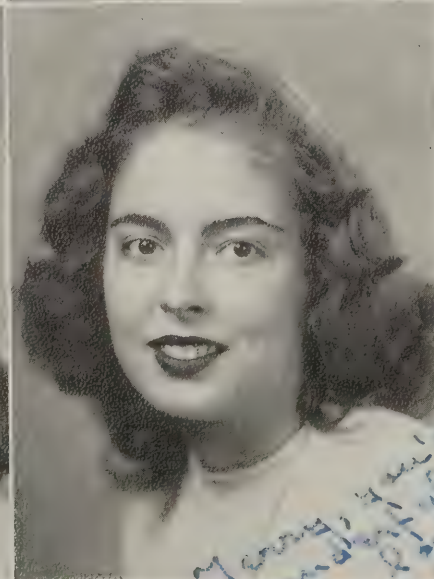
CYNTHIA BURNHAM
WINNETKA, ILLINOIS



BETTY COMER
SYLACAUGA, ALABAMA



EDYTHE COVENTRY
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY



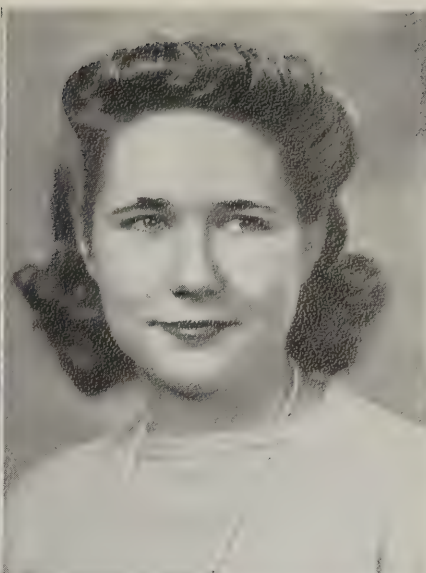
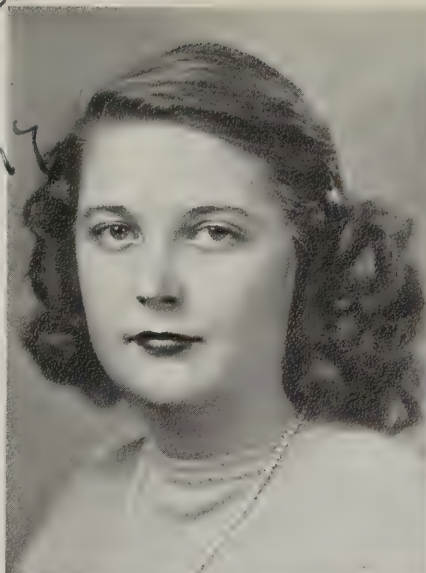
ELSIE DEITRICK
NUTLEY, NEW JERSEY

I am always remembering you as a sweet girl and a good friend. I see you all year at Fairfax. I hope I can say "good-bye" to you all.

Young, you're a wonderful girl and I'm looking forward to meeting you again. I hope you're all happy and successful.

Sh!
 down our
 some up & see
 me something
 love
 Ben

SUZETTE FAY
 WASHINGTON, D. C.



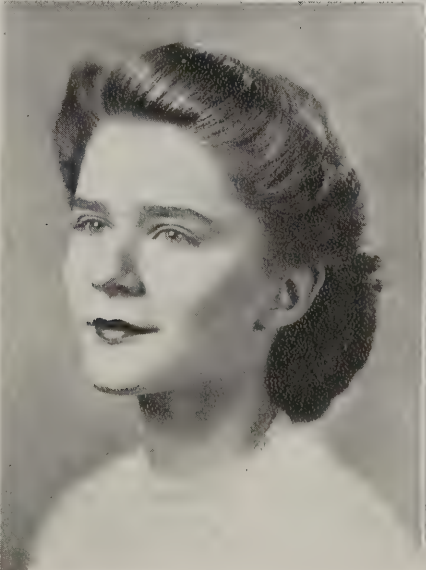
ALINE FOSTER
 ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

BLANCA FUENMAYOR
 LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA



MERCEDES FUENMAYOR
 LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

NANCY HAFNER
 FORT WORTH, TEXAS



EVELETH HALE
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

Here's to
you today
you are a real
girl. I hope you
thing work out for this
page



It's a swell
you and I hope
I see you this summer.

JOYCE HEATH
ITHACA, NEW YORK

JANE HURLEY
CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND

Oran's Tony -
wed some wonderful
times together. This year
your first friend has
could have a lot of fun
could have a lot of fun
could have a lot of fun
Bobbie



BARBARA ISACS
LANGHORNE, MARCH
PENNSYLVANIA

CATHERINE KLOSTERMAN
HADDONFIELD, NEW JERSEY

You are a very nice girl.
I hope you will be a
good friend to me.
I hope you will be a
good friend to me.

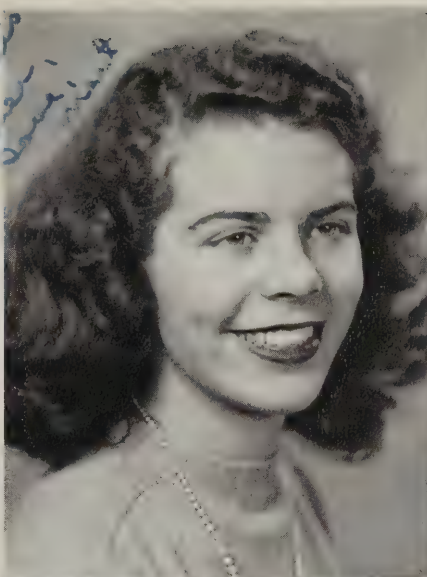


LLOYD LIST
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

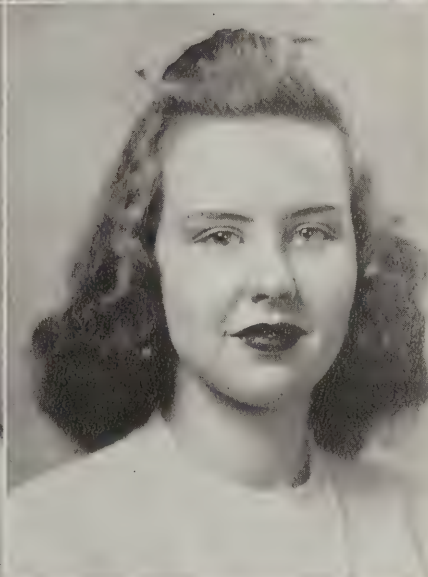
RACHAEL MASSEY
ANGIER, NORTH CAROLINA

To meet all
the girls and
the boys.
I hope you will be a
good friend to me.

MARTHA LU MAY
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

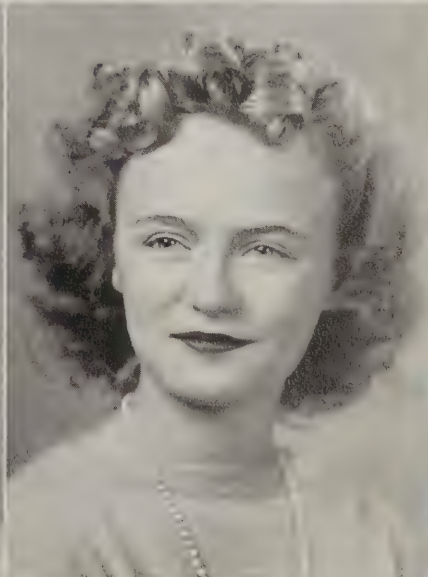
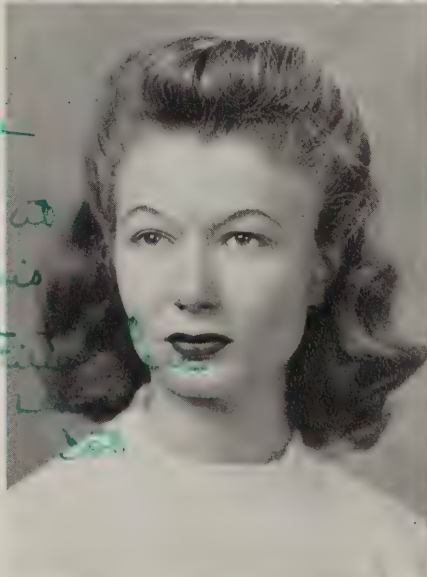


SHIRLEY OSCHERWITZ
CINCINNATI, OHIO



KATHERINE PARKERSON
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Dear Terry -
Sorry we have
to part - It's been
small tomorrow
ROSEMARY PITTMAN
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA
Love,
Mary

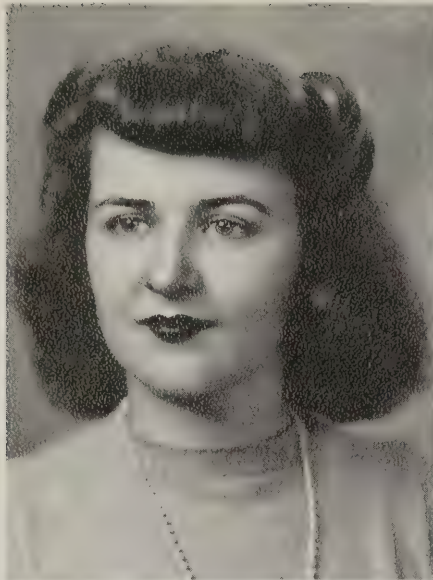


DOROTHY PRICE
CAPTIVA, FLORIDA

Dear Terry - I can
never think of
anything to say at
a time like this
'cept I'll never
see you & am well till
see

BETTY SHERMAN
PANAMA CANAL ZONE

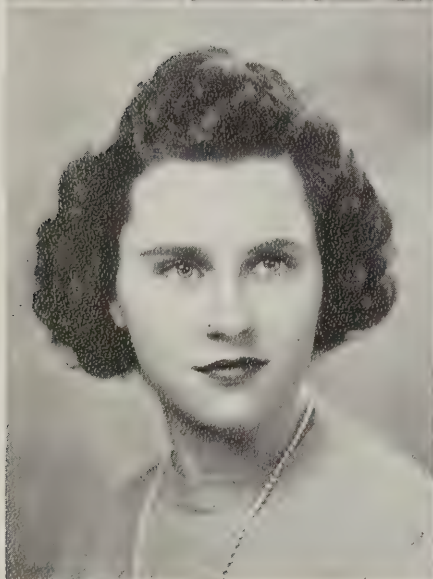
Dear Terry -
I'm with you
and hope you
are well
Love
Betty



SHIRLEY SPEAKER
FALLS CHURCH, VIRGINIA



PATSY STEINER
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA



BETTY WATTS
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND



ADELE WYLDE
HUBBARD, OHIO

10-11-35
I hope you
and many memories
of a sweet year at
Priddy. Be good
and in touch with me.
I'll see you next
year.
Love to all girls;
Betty

10-11-35
I hope you
and many memories
of a sweet year at
Priddy. Be good
and in touch with me.
I'll see you next
year.
Love to all girls;
Betty



High School
Sophomores



FANNIE HOPE WARDEN, *Sponsor*



JOAN SIGLER, *President*

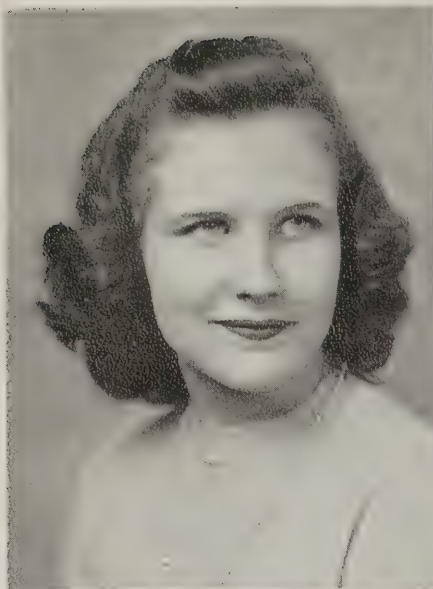


MARY ELLEN HOGEWONING
Vice-President

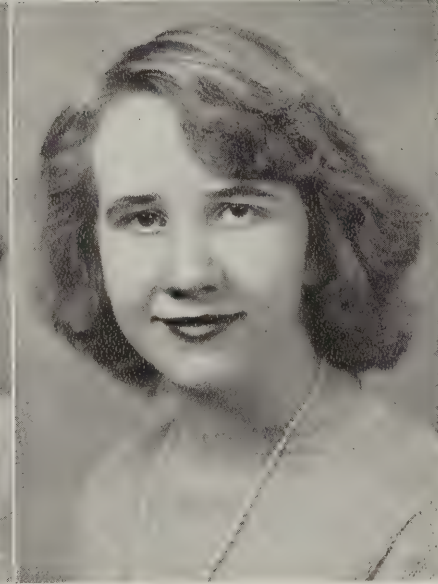
H I G H
S C H O O L
S O P H O M O R E
C L A S S
O F F I C E R S



JEAN DAVIS, *Secretary*



*Can't think of anything
to say
lots of love*



JEAN DAVIS
Washington, D. C.

GLORIA FRIEND
Prestonsburg, Kentucky

ANN EDWARDS
Dade City, Florida

MARY ELLEN HOGEWONING
Westport, Connecticut

*Happy to
meet you
and
hope
you
will
be
a
good
friend
to
me*



*to our 80
th birthday
girls in the
world - 122
years forget
you truly -
Forever yours,
Margie*

*Lot of luck &
continue to make
your good times
happy.
Joan*

CONSTANCE ISAACS
Langhorne Manor
Pennsylvania

MARGARET SHUTT
Tampa, Florida

DOROTHY RIEKE
Auburn, Indiana

JOAN SIGLER
Fairmont, West Virginia



High School Freshmen



ADELAIDE BOZE, *Sponsor*

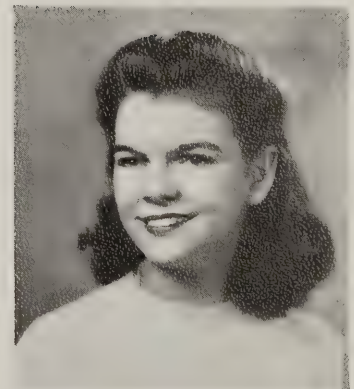


GWENDOLYN ELLSWORTH, *President*

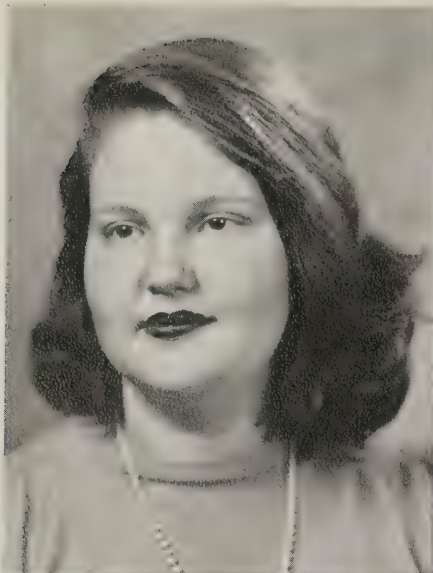


PHYLLIS MUNSON, *Vice-President*

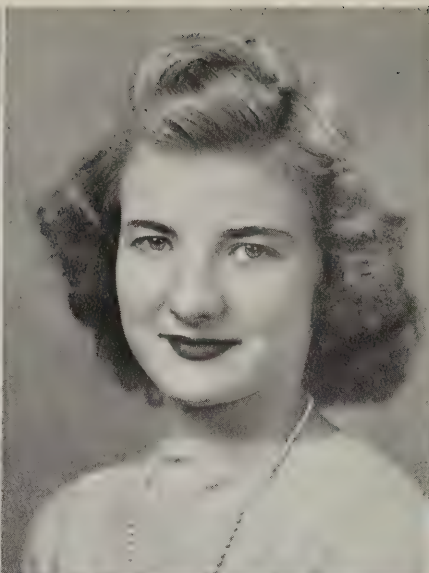
H I G H
S C H O O L
F R E S H M A N
C L A S S
O F F I C E R S



BARBARA TALBERT, *Secretary*

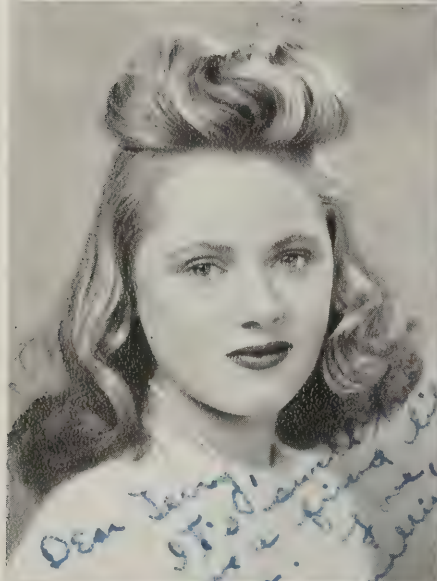


FRANCES DEITSCH
NEW YORK, NEW YORK



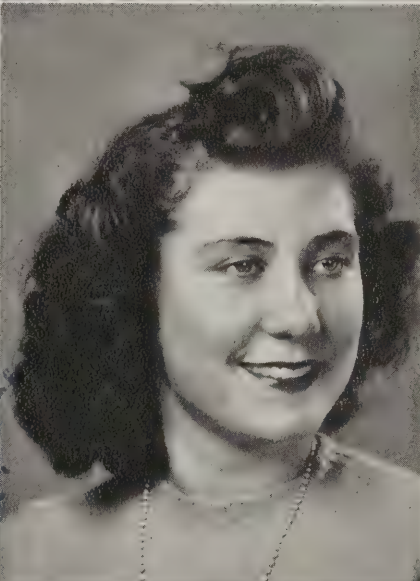
GWENDOLYN ELLSWORTH
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

*Very Honey,
It's been swell
knowing you. Good-bye
with all your
very - friendly
love
Diana*



MILDRED KOGOD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Dear Mary,
It's been a
long time since
we saw each other.
I hope you're
happy.*



*Best of luck
Dorothy Rose
Eleanor*

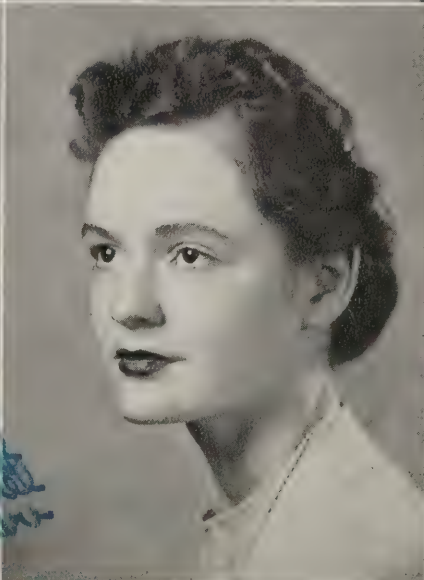
ELEANOR LINDQUIST
NEW YORK, NEW YORK



PHYLLIS MUNSON
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

*Love, love, love
always, Mary
Jane*

JANE SHIRAS
CLEVELAND, OHIO



*To Mary,
with love &
good wishes
always.
Jane
Shiras*

BARBARA TALBERT
WASHINGTON, D. C.



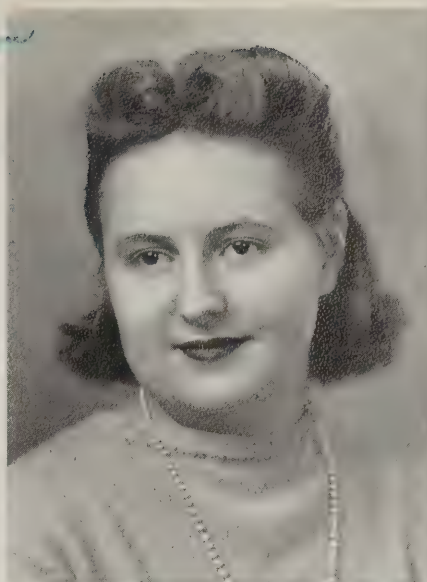
Dear Terry,
Loads of love
and 2 hipee we
are still going
to A.M.A. next
year,
Love
Barbie



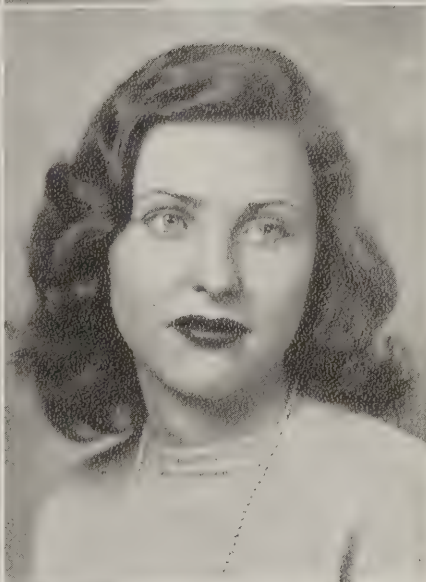
Special Stud cuts

Dear Jerry, (you cute thing)
 Don't get too many
 colds fr the infirmary
 I have enjoyed knowing
 you so much.
 Love,
 mama

MARY BLACKWELL
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



HELEN FORD
MARTINSVILLE, VIRGINIA



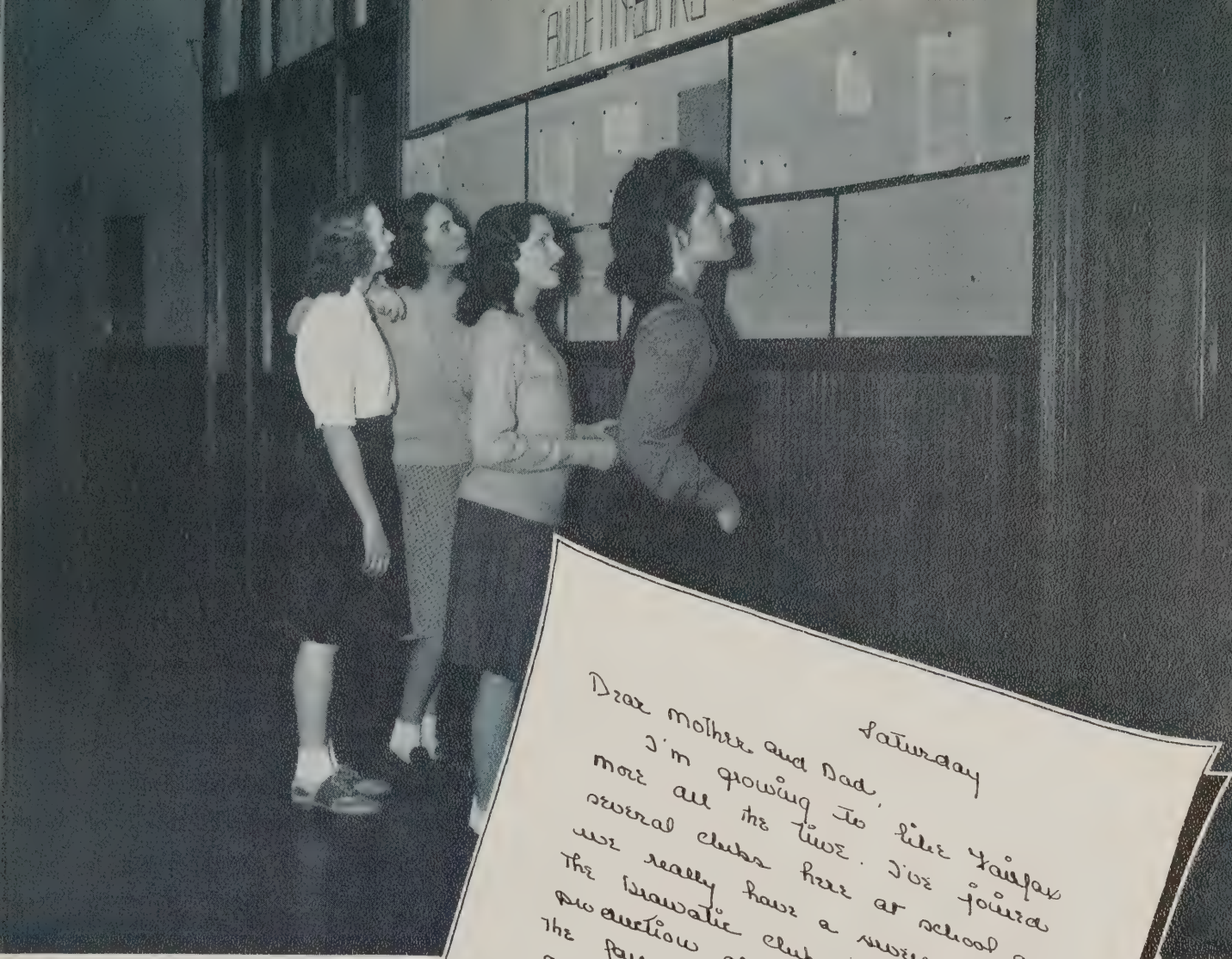
BETTE FRANTZ
WAYNESBORO, PENNSYLVANIA



MARGARET HITCHINGS
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

RUTH MASSA
COOKEVILLE, TENNESSEE

ELIZABETH MITCHELL
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND



Saturday

Dear Mother and Dad,
 I'm growing to like Yampas
 more all the time. I've found
 several clubs here at school and
 we really have a swell time.
 The Intramural Club gave a "super"
 production of Little Women in
 the fall and some students have given
 and piano songs of the voice
 recitals. All in all we have a
 lot of "how hot" entertainment.
 you really should see the
 crowd around the bulletin
 board between classes. That's where
 the latest news, and student
 club, faculty, and student
 notices are posted. Neat, eh?
 Love,
 Chris

ORGANIZATIONS

PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL



MR. W. B. GATES

THE President's Council is made up of ten girls, nominated by the members of the former council and elected by the student body, with the purpose in view of bringing about the harmony and co-operation between the students and the faculty board. We do not seek to judge personal cases; rather we seek to eradicate the source of the problem through open discussions between the council members and President Gates.



First Row: JANE JAC LEWIS (Chairman),
PAULINE RUCKER

Second Row: TOMMI TOMLINSON, RUTH MASSA,
BETTY MITCHELL

Third Row: VIRGINIA VAN DYKE, SARAH
JACKSON, EVELETH HALE

Fourth Row: JANE COX, BETTY WATTS



THE Y. W. C. A.



MISS HARRIET WALTON
Sponsor



MARY MCGRUFF
President

THE Y. W. C. A.

Purpose

“WE, THE Members of the Young Women’s Christian Association, unite in the desire to realize a full and creative life. We determine to have a part in making this life possible for all people. In this task we seek to understand Jesus and follow him.”

Advisory Board

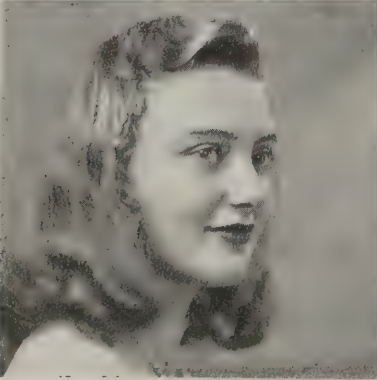
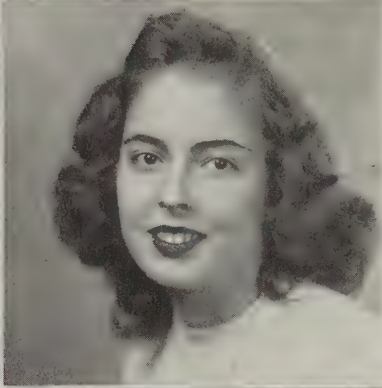
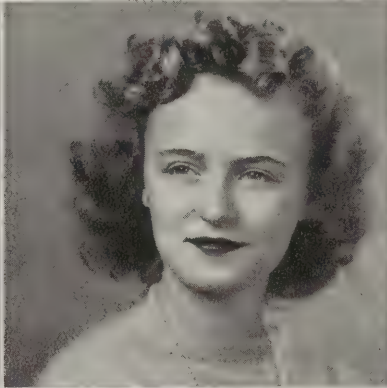
MISS WALTON	Sponsor
MISS MARKS {	Advisers
MISS CLUTE }	
MISS PRICE }	
MR. GATES }	
MISS PATY }	Honorary Members
MISS DRESSER }	

Officers

MARY McGRIFF	President
JANE JACQUELYN LEWIS	Vice-President
CECELIA GAINES	Secretary
PAULINE RUCKER	Treasurer

Cabinet

HARRIET JOHNSON	Home Service
BARBARA BUDD	Finance
SARA JANE MARTIN	Social
JEAN TRAMMELL	World Missions
ELSIE DEITRICK	Art
PEGGY GREEN	Publicity
SALLY JACKSON	Music
ELEANORE SHERMAN	Vespers
NANCY ZIEGLER	Chapel
CAROLINE EVANS	Sewing Club
MARY LEE	Social Service
JOSEPHINE HUSTON	Y-Facts Reporter
JANE COX	Hymnals
JEAN HALLOWELL	College Freshman Representative



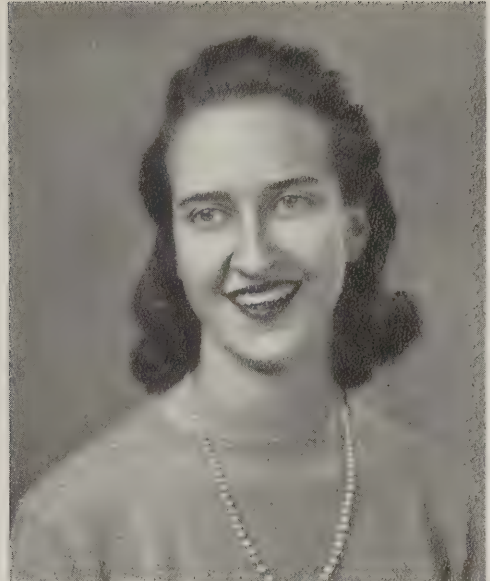
EMILY ANDREWS
Associate Editor
SHIRLEY SMITH
Literary
JEANNE LIEDERMAN
Art
FRANCES CAZENEUVE
Advertising

ELIZABETH JORDAN
Associate Business Manager
BETTY SHERMAN
Literary
CAROL DAVIS
Photography
TOMMI TOMLINSON
Advertising

LUCY FLOYD
Literary
ELSIE DEITRICK
Literary
DOVIE JANE PETTEWAY
Secretarial
TIM SERAT
Advertising



MISS COVER
Sponsor



CECELIA GAINES
Editor-in-Chief

Chain and Anchors

1942



HELEN FORD
Business Manager



The Glee Club

Put on the
 and miss book
 in the
 club



MISS CLUTE
Director



HARRIET JOHNSON
President

The Fairfax Glee Club

THE Fairfax Glee Club's new program this year included appearances in student recitals several times. Instead of producing an opera, the club devoted efforts to a miscellaneous concert with the Fishburne Military Academy Glee Club, assisted by faculty members of both schools. This concert was given for the benefit of the American Red Cross.

Officers

HARRIET JOHNSON	President
SHIRLEY OSCHERWITZ	Librarian
BETTY WATTS	Secretary-Treasurer
MARY LEE	Accompanist
ELIZABETH JORDAN	Assistant Accompanist

Members

VIRGINIA VAN DYKE, BETTY WATTS, DOVIE JANE PETTEWAY, CYNTHIA BURNHAM, ADELE WYLDE, NANCY HAFNER, JEAN ROUNTREE, PAULINE RUCKER, BETTY DABBS, KATHERINE DINGMAN, SUZETTE FAY, LLOYD LIST, ANN MCCRAY, MARTHA HYER, GWENDOLYN ELLSWORTH, DOROTHY RIEKE, PHYLLIS SHERMAN, CAROL DAVIS, JANE COX, ROSEMARY PITTMAN, BLANCA FUENMAYOR, MURIEL KIRSCHNER, ELIZABETH JORDAN, SHIRLEY OSCHERWITZ, BETTY LOU BUSH, BETTY JEAN FRANTZ, NANCY ZIEGLER, MERCEDES FUENMAYOR, JEANNE LIEDERMAN, HARRIET JOHNSON, FRANCES WIEAND, SALLY JACKSON, FRANCES DEITSCH, BETTY COMER, MARY ELLEN HOGEWONING



The Fairfax Choir

THE members of the choir are chosen by Miss Clute for their vocal ability and musicianship. The music used, entirely sacred, includes old classics and moderns.

Through the year, the choir furnishes music for vesper services, holiday pageants in the school, visits to local and out of town churches.

This year the annual sacred concert given by the choir was presented on May Day week-end at the Basic Methodist Church. Two short ovals were presented, with Mr. Elwyn Carter, bass from New York City, as soloist.

Officers

MARY B. LEE	President
JEANNE LIEDERMAN	Secretary-Treasurer
BETTY WATTS	Librarian
SUZETTE FAY	Vestment Mistress
MARY CLUTE	Director
SWANN MARKS	Accompanist

Members

CYNTHIA BURNHAM, JESSIE MAE COVER, JANE COX, CAROL DAVIS, EVALINE DUDLY, SUZETTE FAY, NANCY HAFNER, HARRIET JOHNSON, SALLY JACKSON, MARY B. LEE, JEANNE LIEDERMAN, VIDA MEETEER, HELEN PRICE, DOROTHY RIEKE, PHYLLIS SHERMAN, BETTY WATTS, FRANCES WIEAND, VIRGINIA VAN DYKE, NANCY ZIEGLER

The Art Club

Officers

EMILY ANDREWS President
TOMMI TOMLINSON Treasurer

Members

EMILY ANDREWS, BOBBIE BUDD, FRANCES CAZENEUVE, ELSIE DEITRICK, KAY DINGMAN, WINIFRED FARRIN, BETTY FRANTZ, LORRAINE GARTNER, PEGGY GREEN, NANCY HAFNER, BOBBIE ISAACS, CONNIE ISAACS, DORIS KOCIAN, JEANNE LIEDERMAN, RACHAEL MASSEY, BARBARA PATTERSON, DOVIE JANE PETTEWAY, JANE SHIRAS, TERRY SPEAKER, TOMMI TOMLINSON, BETTY WATTS, NANCY ZIEGLER





The Hall Chatter

STAFF

MARY BLACKWELL	Editor-in-Chief
FLORENCE TANANBAUM	News Editor

Reporters and Feature Writers

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JEAN DAVIS	JUSTINE GORDON	PENNY PATTERSON
SUZETTE FAY	JOSEPHINE HOUSTON	JEAN ROUNTREE
LUCY LOU FLOYD	SALLY JACKSON	JOAN SIGLER
BETTY FRANTZ	MARY LEE	TOMMI TOMLINSON

Business

BETTY TURNER	Business Manager
BARBARA BUDD	Assistant Business Manager
EMILY ANDREWS	Advertising Manager

Mechanical

LORAIN GARTNER	Make-up Editor
JANE COX	Assistant Make-up Editor
BETTY LOU BUSH }	Typists
MURIEL KIRSCHNER }	
MISS ALICE S. BRANDENBURG	Faculty Adviser

Le Cercle Francais

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS is composed of all those studying French and others interested in French civilization. At all times, *Le Cercle Francais* tries to create enthusiasm for "la belle France," her people, language, traditions, and culture. Special programs have been given with this purpose in view. Besides this, *Le Cercle Francais* provides an outlet for extra-curricular interest in French by expression in songs, games, and plays.

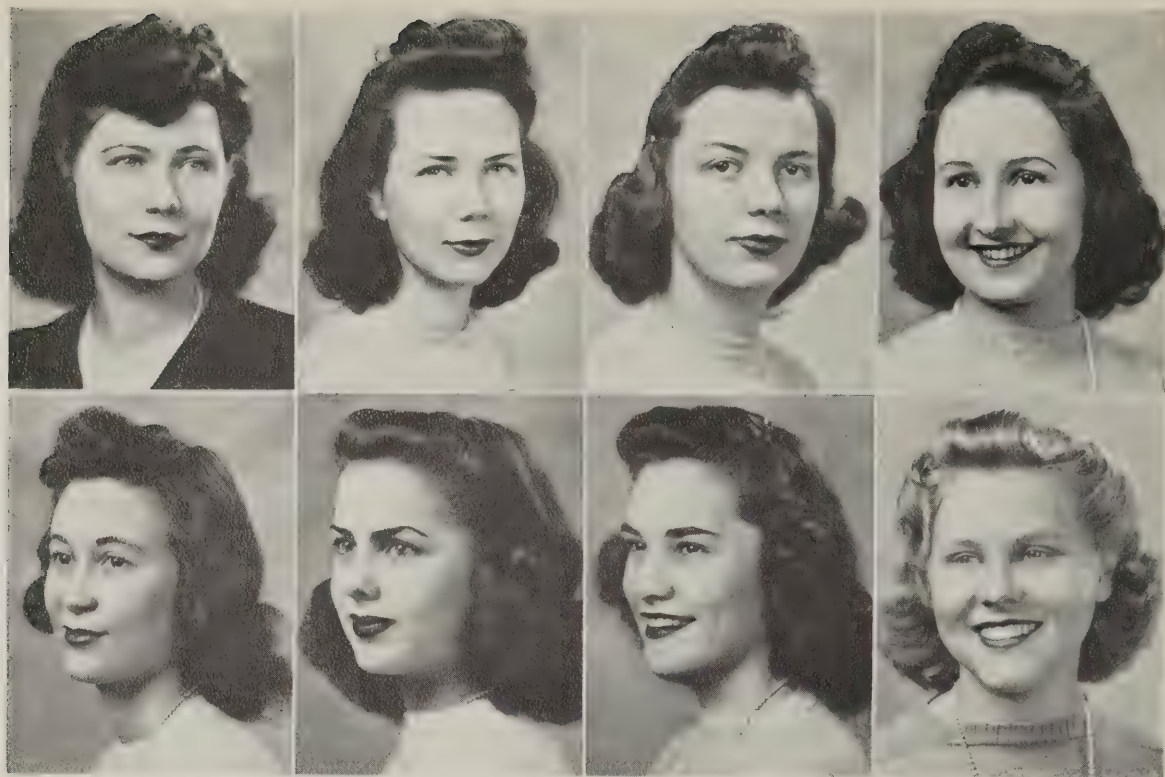
Officers

MARY McGRUFF	President
JANE JACQUELYN LEWIS	Vice-President
SARAH JACKSON	Secretary
MARY LEE	Treasurer

Members

ADELE BLOCH, CYNTHIA BURNHAM, JANE COX, JESSIE CROWE, BETTY DABBS, CAROL DAVIS, JEAN DAVIS, WINIFRED FARRIN, LUCY LOU FLOYD, JONNIE FOSTER, BLANCA FUENMAYOR, MERCEDES FUENMAYOR, PEGGY GREEN, NANCY HAFNER, JOYCE HEATH, MARTHA HYER, BARBARA ISAACS, CHARLOTTE LANG, CAROL McCORMICK, RACHEL MASSEY, JEAN ROUNTREE, KATHERINE SERAT, ELEANORE SHERMAN, ELIZABETH WORSLEY





Delta Psi Omega

THE purpose of this, the Theta Cast of Delta Psi Omega, sponsored by Miss Frances Collins, is: To stimulate interest in dramatic activities in Fairfax Hall; to secure for the college all the advantages of a large national honorary fraternity; and by electing worthy students to membership, to serve as a reward for their efforts in participating in the plays staged by the dramatic organizations of the college. This cast in no way aims to take the place of the regular college dramatic club.

Members

HELEN FORD, PEGGY GREEN, MARTHA HYER, JANE JAC LEWIS, RUTH MASSA,
TOMMI TOMLINSON, VIRGINIA VAN DYKE

The Masque and Gavel

THE national high school recognition society for the promotion of speech for use. The society was formed in the spring of 1940 by a representative group of high school teachers and faculty members of the Northwestern School of Speech. Honorary founders are Edgar Bergen, John Mason Brown, H. V. Kaltenborn, Deems Taylor, and Norman Thomas.

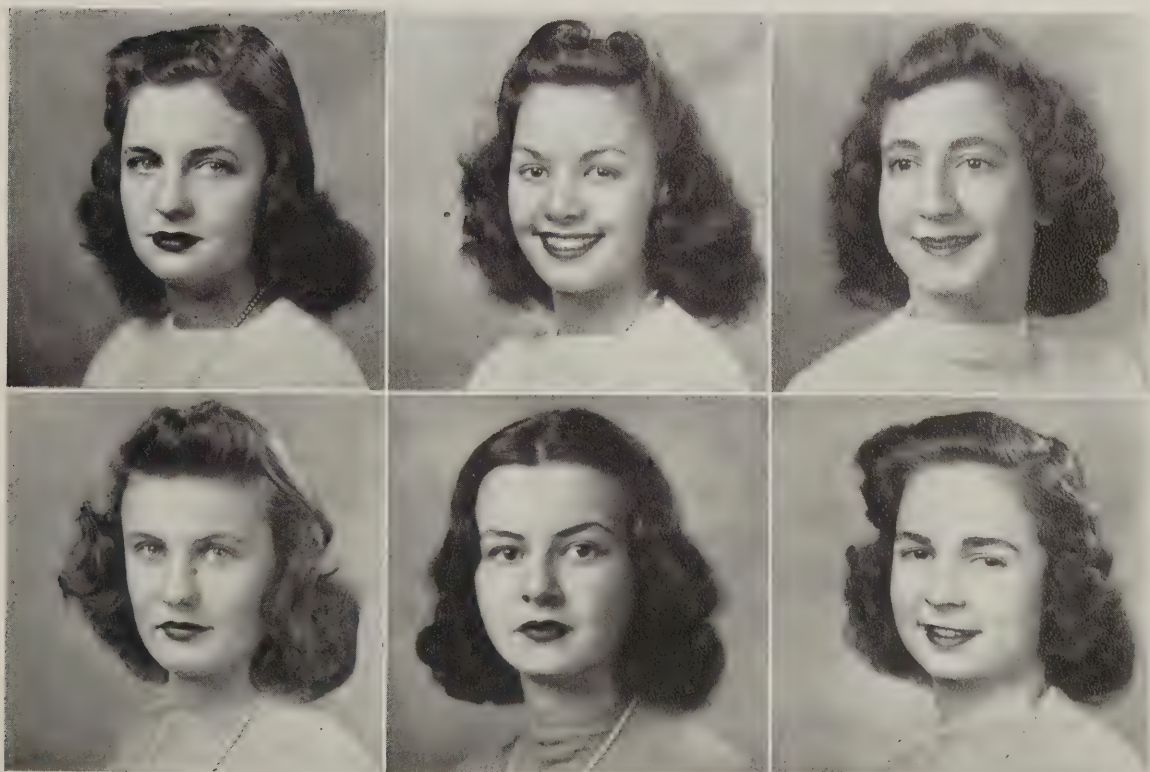
Members of the charter chapter were selected for their excellence in speech and dramatic art, and their co-operation in helping to raise the speech standards in Fairfax Hall.

Officers

PHYLLIS SHERMAN	President
SALLY JACKSON	Sergeant-at-Arms
ADELE BLOCH	National Executive Secretary-Treasurer
FRANCES COLLINS	Sponsor

Members

EDITH MCCORMICK, SHIRLEY SMITH, PATSY BOREN





The Fairfax Players

“THE useful encourages itself; for the multitude produce it and no one can dispense with it, but the beautiful must be encouraged; for few can set it forth and many need it.”

Performances of the Fairfax Players during 1941-42

OCTOBER	31	Three Act Play.
NOVEMBER	1	“Little Women,” <i>Louisa Alcott</i> ; Play, <i>Marian DeForest</i> .
DECEMBER	14	Christmas Performance—“The Pageant of the Holy Nativity.”
MARCH	7	Three Act Play—“Fresh Fields,” <i>Ivor Novello</i> .
MAY	8	May Day—“Pandora’s Box,” a Grecian Pageant.
JUNE	6	Commencement Play—“As You Like It,” <i>William Shakespeare</i> .

Officers

SALLY JACKSON	President
EMILY ANDREWS	Vice-President
JANE COX	Secretary and Treasurer

Members

EDITH McCORMICK, TOMMI TOMLINSON, JOSEPHINE HOUSTON, VIRGINIA VAN DYKE, JEAN ROUNTREE, RUTH MASSA, LARRY GARTNER, JUSTINE GORDON, MARY McGRUFF, BETTY DABBS, PEGGY GREEN, CAROL DAVIS, MARTHA HYER, PHYLLIS SHERMAN, HELEN FORD, MARY. BLEE, VIRGINIA BRUMBERG, JANE JACQUELYN LEWIS, PATSY BOREN

MISS FRANCES COLLINS, *Sponsor*

MEMBERSHIP in the Athletic Association of Fairfax Hall is open to everyone who makes a total of twenty-five points. These points are awarded for varsity teams, offices in the association, and individual sports. When a girl obtains 100 points she receives a Fairfax seal; for 300, a large orange "F", and for 500, a white blazer with an orange Fairfax emblem on the pocket.

Among the outstanding events sponsored by the Athletic Association during the fall term was Hockey Playday held on November 1st at Fairfax Hall. St. Anne's, Fairfax County High School, Sweet Briar Freshmen, Mary Baldwin College and Fairfax Hall teams participated. Miss Harriet Rogers, head of physical education at Sweet Briar, and Miss Elizabeth Burger, of Farmville, coached during the morning. In the afternoon the teams played a series of games climaxed by an exhibition game. These teams were guests of the Athletic Association for lunch and tea. In addition to the playday, the hockey team attended Virginia State Tournament and played a number of games with other schools.

During the winter term basketball was the outstanding sport. Many games with other schools were played and the intramural games were climaxed by a championship game won by the Senior College Class. Bowling and modern dancing were presented for the first time at Fairfax Hall.

Spring brought the usual interest in tennis, which was the main sport during the last term.

Officers

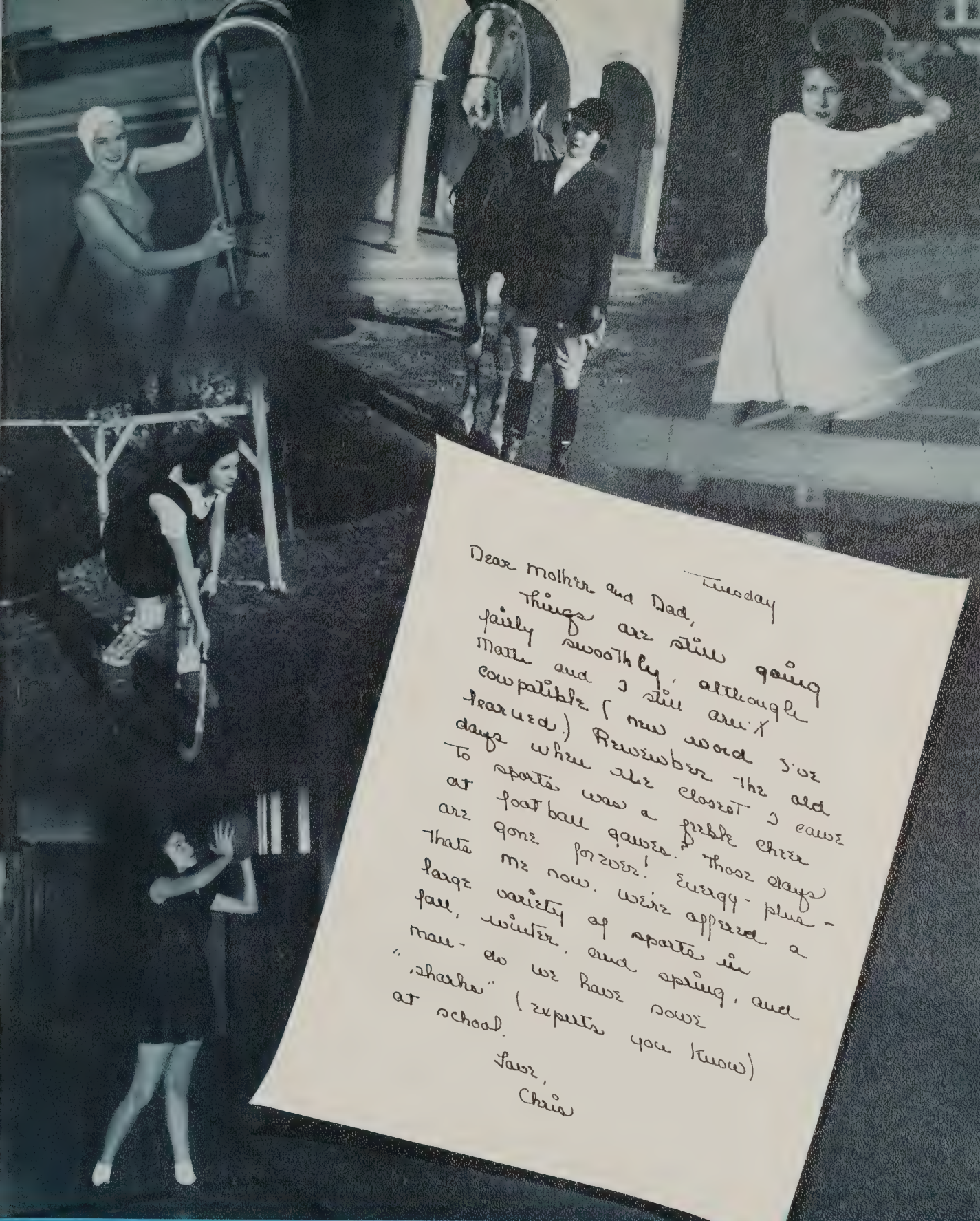
CECELIA GAINES	President
MARY McGRUFF	Vice-President
RUTH MASSA	Secretary
BETTY WATTS	Treasurer
JANE JAC LEWIS	Captain Orange Team
BETTY WATTS	Captain Black Team

Athletic Association

MISS MARGARET CAREY
Sponsor



CECELIA GAINES
President



Tuesday
Dear mother and Dad,
Things are still going
fairly smoothly, although
Mama and I still aren't
compatible (now word I've
learned.) Remember the old
days when we closeted I came
to sports was a pretty close
at football games. Those days
are gone forever! Every-
thing is now. We're having a
large variety of sports in
fall, winter, and spring, and
Mama - do we have now
"sharha" (exactly you know)
at school.
Love,
Chris

ATHLETICS



Varsity Hockey

Games—1941

Fairfax Hall	0	Madison College Freshman-Sophomore Team	0
Fairfax Hall	0	Sweet Briar Freshmen	3
Fairfax Hall	5	E. T. C. (at V. F. H. A. Tournament)	1
Fairfax Hall	2	Norfolk Division of William and Mary	0
Fairfax Hall	3	Farmville High School	0
Fairfax Hall	1	St. Catherine's	2

Managers

JONNIE FOSTER

JEAN ROUNTREE

Varsity Team

BETTY WATTS (Captain), PAT RADCLIFFE, BOBBIE BUDD, BETTY TURNER, ELSIE DEITRICK, KAY KLOSTERMAN, LIZ WORSLEY, JANE COX, RUTH MASSA, CECELIA GAINES, SHIRLEY SMITH, SALLY JACKSON, JACKIE LEWIS, CHARLOTTE LONG, MISS WALTON (Coach)



Varsity Basketball

Games—1942

Fairfax Hall	46	Jefferson School of Commerce	16
Fairfax Hall	7	Westhampton College	23
Fairfax Hall	21	Sweet Briar Freshman	20
Fairfax Hall	24	Waynesboro High School	19
Fairfax Hall	31	St. Anne's	23
Fairfax Hall	11	Richmond Professional Institute	31
Fairfax Hall	19	St. Anne's (return game)	49
Fairfax Hall	7	Richmond Professional Institute (return game)	37

Varsity Team

CECELIA GAINES (Captain), JACKIE LEWIS, LUCY LOU FLOYD, SHIRLEY SMITH, JANE PRICE, ELSIE DEITRICK, BOBBIE ISAACS, TERRY SPEAKER, KAY KLOSTERMAN, BETTY TURNER, GWEN ELLSWORTH, ADELE WYLDE, LIZ WORSLEY, BETTY WATTS, ANNA BALL, HARRIET JOHNSON, BETTY DABBS. MISS WALTON (Coach)



Dance Group

ALTHOUGH an entirely new sport here at Fairfax Hall, the modern dance has found quite a number of enthusiasts among the student body. The class organized itself into a group with officers. Three members of the group assisted the Kiwanis Club of Waynesboro in its Minstrel Show in March by presenting an interpretation of "Andalusia." In addition to this the Dance Group was quite active in the annual May Day.

DORIS KOCIAN, *Head, Dance Group*; FLORENCE TANANBAUM, *Assistant*; SUE McKINNEY, *Secretary*

Members

JANE SHIRAS, SHIRLEY SPEAKER, KAY DINGMAN, ADELE WYLDE, JEAN TRAMMELL, JESSIE CROW, JEAN ROUNTREE, CAROL MCCORMICK, BLANCA FUENMAYOR, MERCEDES FUENMAYOR, JOYCE AGRICOLA, MARY LEE, JEAN DAVIS, JUSTINE GORDON, BARBARA BUDD, MILDRED KOGOD



FLORENCE TANANBAUM, DORIS KOCIAN, SUE McKINNEY



The Boots and Saddle Club

Officers

BETTY MITCHELL	President
JANE JAC LEWIS	Vice-President
DORIS TALBERT	Secretary

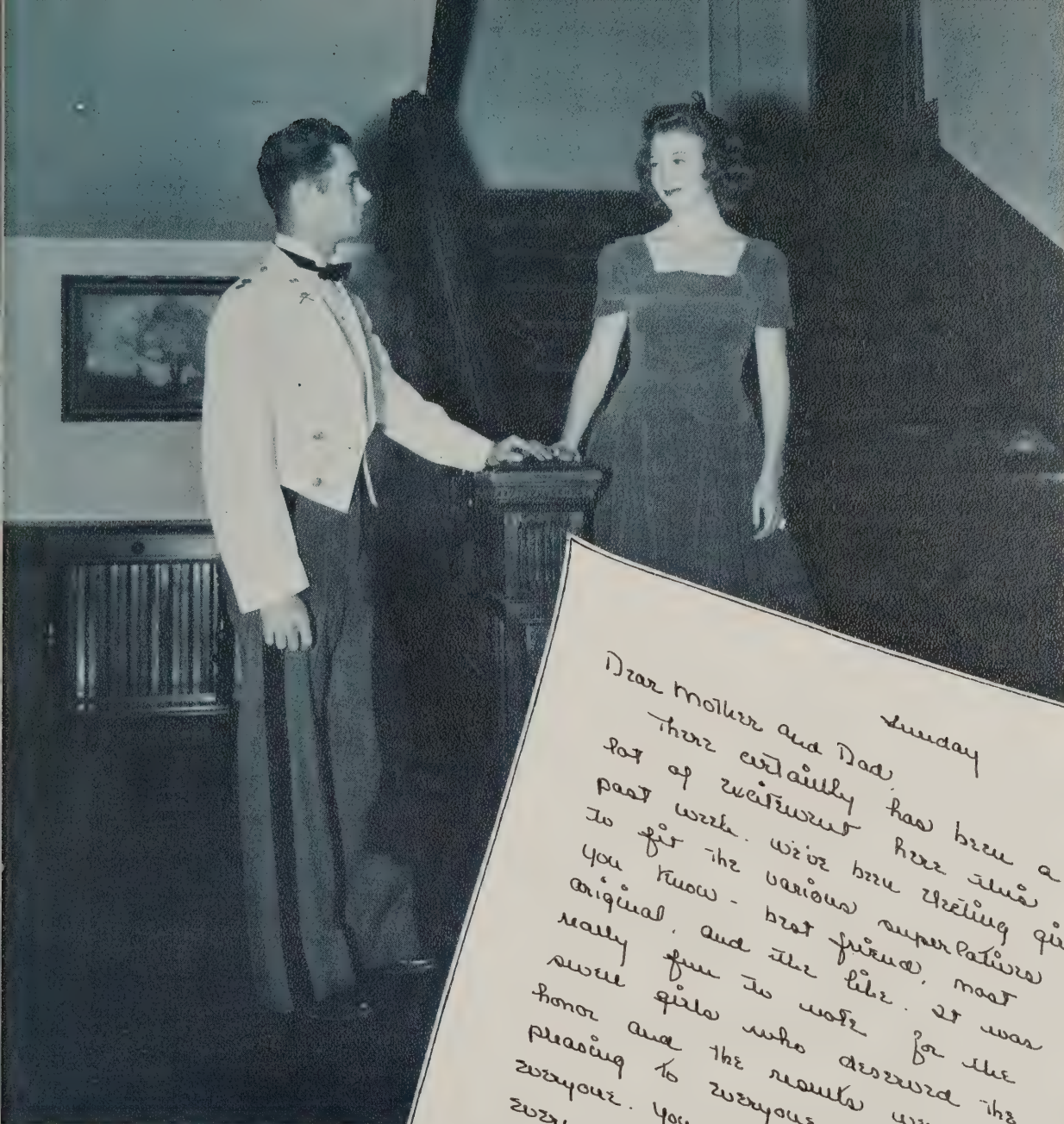
THE Boots and Saddle Club sponsored two main events of the year. The Fall Horse Show came first, introducing the Russian Cossack Drill and novelty games. Then the Treasure Hunt day came in the spring, combining Horse Show, Barbecue Supper, and Treasure Hunt Night Club dance with entertainments and an auction featured.

Club members enjoyed attending many near-by horse shows, hunter trials, long rides over the Blue Ridge Mountain trails, the sporting chase of the treasure hunt, and rides to the Blue Ridge Terrace for Sunday morning breakfasts.

Members

WINIFRED FARRIN, MARY VANDEVENDER, BETTY SHERMAN, BETTY MITCHELL, MARY ELLEN HOGEWONING, PHYLLIS MUNSON, FRANCES ANDERSON, TOMMI TOMLINSON, KAY PARKERSON, DORIS TALBERT, BARBARA TALBERT, NANCY HAFNER, PATSY BOREN, PATRICIA RADCLIFFE, JANE JAC LEWIS

MISS CAREY, *Sponsor*



Sunday

Dear Mother and Dad,

There certainly has been a lot of excitement here since past week. We've been celebrating to fit the various superlatives you know - best friend, most original, and the like. It was really fun to vote for the sweet girls who deserved the honor and the results were pleasing to everyone, well, most everyone. You can't win please everyone.

Jan says for me to thank you for waiting her house for spring vacation. She says she can't wait to see the old town I've been a our-man Chamber of Commerce.

Love,
Chris

FEATURES



May Queen

GERTRUDE TOMLINSON

*"Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."*



Princess Fairfax

MARY McGRIFF

*"Beauty, truth, and variety,
Grace in all simplicity."*



Best Friend

PAULINE RUCKER

*"She is kind as she is fair,
For beauty lives with kindness."*



Best Athlete

CECELIA GAINES

*"Courage, strength, and skill were hers,
Yet honor in every race."*

President of the
Y. W. C. A.
MARY MCGRIFF



Chairman of the
PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL
JANE JAC LEWIS

President of
SENIOR COLLEGE CLASS

PAULINE RUCKER



President of
SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL CLASS

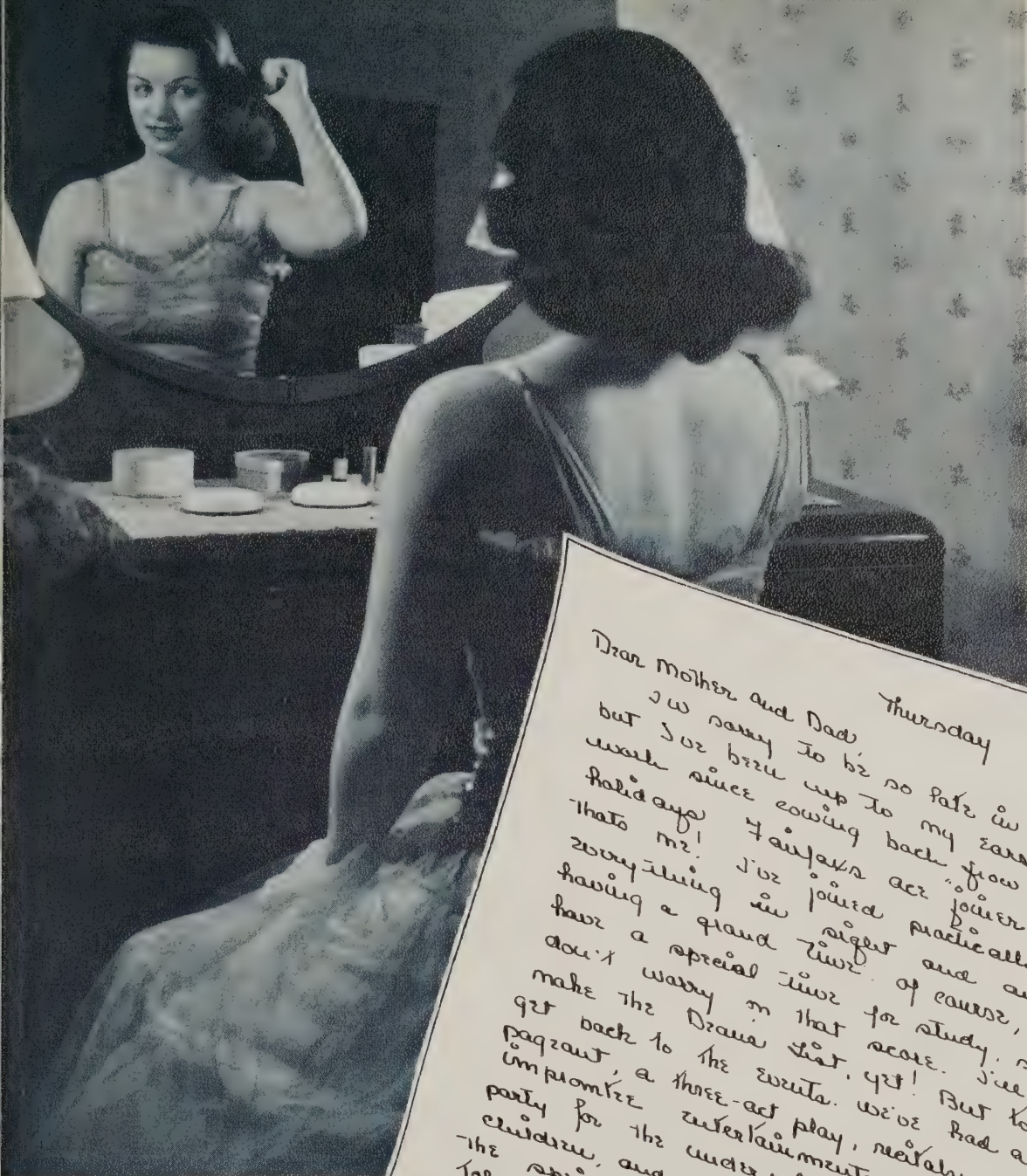
SARAH JACKSON



Editor of
HALL CHATTER
MARY BLACKWELL

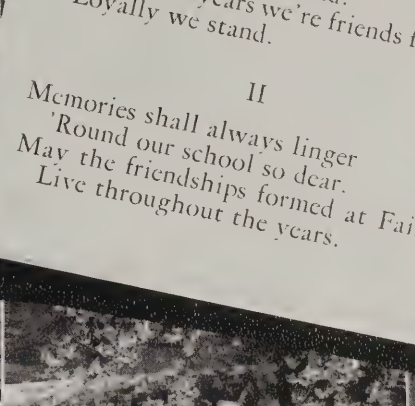


Editor of
CHAIN AND ANCHORS
CECELIA GAINES



Thursday
Dear Mother and Dad,
I'm sorry to be so late in writing,
but I've been up to my ears in
work since coming back from the
holidays. I've joined practically
everything in sight and am
having a grand time. Of course, we
have a special time for study, so
don't worry on that score. I'll
make the Drive List, yet! But to
get back to the events, we've had a
pageant, a three-act play, musicals,
improvised entertainments, Christmas
party for the underprivileged, the
children, and other activities. We
the spring will have a circus, I've
told. Then of course, there are always
fishbowl games, dances, and
socials, and way nerbo, and
well, there goes the study
hour too, and after all that's
what we're here for.
Huddly,
Chris

CAMPUS EVENTS



Alma Mater

I

Pledge we now our loyal friendship,
Pledge it, one and all,
To the school we love so dearly;
Hail to Fairfax Hall!

CHORUS

Loudly praise our Alma Mater,
Best school in the land.
Through the years we're friends forever,
Loyally we stand.

II

Memories shall always linger
'Round our school so dear.
May the friendships formed at Fairfax
Live throughout the years.



The Pageant of the Holy Nativity

FAIRFAX HALL CHOIR *Music*
 MARY CLUTE *Director of Music*
 FRANCES COLLINS *Director of Pageant*

Players

MARTHA HYER, SHIRLEY SMITH, PEGGY GREEN, TOMMI TOMLINSON, FRANCES ANDERSON, MARY McGRIFF, GWENDOLYN ELLSWORTH, ELEANOR SHERMAN, SHIRLEY OSCHERWITZ, VIRGINIA BRUMBERG, JANE JAC LEWIS, MARGARET WOODRUFF, JEAN DAVIS, JEAN ROUNTREE, JONEDITH HENRY, RACHEL MASSEY, JOYCE AGRICOLA, FRANCES CAZENEUVE, ADELE BLOCH, ELIZABETH WORSLEY, PAULINE RUCKER, PATSY BOREN, RUTH MASSA, JUSTINE DePETRIS, LORAIN GARTNER, BETTY MITCHELL, BETTY DABBS, KAY PARKERSON, MARY ELLEN HOGEWONING, JESSADY CROWE, SARAH ANN CUNNING, MILDRED KEISER, PEARL GLASER, DOVIE JANE PETTEWAY, BLANCA FUENMAYOR, SHIRLEY SPEAKER, MERCEDES FUENMAYOR, PATSY STEINER, FLORENCE TANANBAUM, NANCY NASH, ANNE MILLER, EDITH MCCORMICK

"Little Women"

THE CAST

<i>Jo March</i>	EDITH McCORMICK
<i>Amy March</i>	REGGIE WINCHELL
<i>Meg March</i>	PHYLLIS SHERMAN
<i>Beth March</i>	MARTHA HYER
<i>Hannah</i>	CAROL DAVIS
<i>Mrs. March</i>	HELEN FORD
<i>Mr. March</i>	BETTY DABBS
<i>John Brooke</i>	PEGGY GREEN
<i>Laurie</i>	RUTH MASSA
<i>Mr. Lawrence</i>	JANE JACQUELYN LEWIS
<i>Aunt March</i>	JUSTINE GORDON
<i>Professor Bhaer</i>	MARY B. LEE

Director

FRANCES ELIZABETH COLLINS





"Fresh Fields"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

<i>Miss Swaine</i>	ELIZABETH WORSLEY
<i>Ludlow</i>	JESSADY CROWE
<i>Lady Lillian</i>	MARTHA HYER
<i>Lady Mary</i>	VIRGINIA VAN DYKE
<i>Tim Crabbe</i>	SHIRLEY SMITH
<i>Mrs. Pidgeon</i>	ADELE BLOCH
<i>Una Pidgeon</i>	SALLY JACKSON
<i>Tom Larcomb</i>	PATSY BOREN
<i>Lady Eva Strawholme</i>	CAROL DAVIS

Director

FRANCES ELIZABETH COLLINS

Glee Club Concert

THE Glee Clubs of Fairfax Hall and Fishburne Military School presented a concert under the direction of Miss Mary Clute and Captain Henry Jarvinen for the benefit of the Red Cross, in the Fishburne gymnasium, with Dorothy Jarvinen, cello soloist, assisting.

Fairfax Glee Club

CYNTHIA BURNHAM, BETTY LOU BUSH, BETTY COMER, JANE COX, CAROL DAVIS, KATHRYN DINGMAN, GWENDOLYN ELLSWORTH, SUZETTE FAY, BETTY JEAN FRANTZ, BLANCA FUENMAYOR, MERCEDES FUENMAYOR, NANCY HAFNER, SALLY JACKSON, HARRIET JOHNSON, ELIZABETH JORDAN, MURIEL KIRSCHNER, JEANNE LIEDERMAN, ANN MCCRAY, SHIRLEY OSCHERWITZ, DOVIE JANE PETTEWAY, ROSEMARY PITTMAN, DOROTHY RIEKE, JEAN ROUNTREE, PAULINE RUCKER, PHYLLIS SHERMAN, VIRGINIA VAN DYKE, BETTY WATTS, FRANCES WIEAND, ADELE WYLDE, NANCY ZIEGLER

Fishburne Glee Club

WALTER AHLBERG, GEORGE ARCHER, HERBERT BRADY, ROBINSON COOK, DAVID COYLE, JOHN DAVENPORT, DON EVANS, LAWRENCE FERGUSON, HARRY FISHER, JAMES FOX, JAMES GRAY, JOHN HAYDEN, FREDERICK JEANDHEUR, RUSSELL LACHMILLER, FRANK PILSCH, DAVIS REED, DANIEL RICE, ALEXANDER SPEER





May Court

May Queen

GERTRUDE TOMLINSON

Maid-of-Honor

JANE JAC LEWIS

The Court

JANE COX, JESSIE CROWE, CECILIA GAINES, LORAIN GARTNER, SALLY JACKSON, ELIZABETH JORDAN, HARRIET JOHNSON, JEANNE LIEDERMAN, MARY MCGRIFF, PAULINE RUCKER, PHYLLIS SHERMAN, MARY SUE WRIGHT, HELEN FORD, BETTY MITCHELL

Heralds

JEAN DAVIS, BARBARA ISAACS

Crown Bearer

NANCY NASH



Choir Concert

THE outstanding performance of the Fairfax Hall Choir was its spring concert which consisted of an entire program of religious music. They were assisted by Mr. Elwyn Carter, bass, as guest soloist, and Mrs. Dorothy Jarvinen, 'cellist.

Mr. Carter sang two groups of songs by Mendelssohn, Verdi, and Handel. The choir, assisted by Mr. Carter and Mrs. Jarvin, sang "Salutation," by Gaines, "The daughter of Jairus," by Rheinberger, and the "Seraphic Song," by Rubenstein-Gaines.

Director
MISS MARY CLUTE

Organist
MISS SWANN MARKS

Highlights of the Year

SEPTEMBER school bells ring in tomorrow's All-Americans in preparation to split the upright in June. The team kicks off with a pajama party on the night of the 18th, which is succeeded by the following tackles throughout the year:

September:

- 19 FORMAL RECEPTION—Met Coach Gates and the referees.
- 20 "Y" PARTY IN THE GYM—Captains fed team popcorn.

October:

- 4 AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY OPENING DANCE—Some workout!
- 11 FISHBURNE OPENING DANCE—Nice little team they have over there.
- 15 TEA AT THE HOME OF COACH AND MRS. GATES.
- 23 HOCKEY—Madison and Fairfax, tied in the end!
- 25 STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY HALLOWE'EN DANCE—Call it scary if you like!
- 31 "LITTLE WOMEN"—Put over with a *bang* by those hidden talents.

November:

- 1 HOCKEY PLAY DAY—We played 'em and sent the chrysanthemums later!
- 8 SENIOR COLLEGE VICTORY DANCE—Open to all gridiron Romeos.
- 15 FALL HORSESHOW SPONSORED BY THE BOOTS AND SADDLE CLUB—Blue ribbons, hot dogs, "cold pop" . . . tummy-aches.
- 20 FISHBURNE AND A. M. A. THANKSGIVING DANCES—Thanks to you, boys!
- 21 S. M. A. DANCE—Last huddle of the month.

December:

- 1 SIGHT-SEEING IN WASHINGTON—And how the game is played up thar'!
- 8 HOCKEY BANQUET—Our heroes!
- 13 SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL RING FIGURE—Moonlight, stardust . . . sore feet.
- 14 CHRISTMAS PAGEANT—Holy Nativity.
- 17 SANTA CLAUS (YOUR LINK) AND CHRISTMAS BANQUET—Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow . . . life begins.
- 19 "BACK TO CIVILIZATION—The train will carry us there."

January:

- 6 RETURN—To regular living and “Wheaties.”
- 12 JESSE CROWE’S RECITAL—Music filled the air at her touch.
- 16 S. M. A. DANCE—What happens twice will happen thrice.
- 17 A. M. A. DANCE—Preview to coming attraction.
- 23 EXAMS BEGIN—The attraction.
- 30 CRISIS OVER—People dead all over the place.
—NEW YORK TRIP.

February:

- 3 SECOND TERM BEGINS—Spring training . . . turning over the new leaf.
- 14 SENIOR COLLEGE RING FIGURE—Ecstasy, rosebuds, and . . . the boy back home.

March:

- 7 “FRESH FIELDS”—Put over with a breeze by those professionals.
- 16 FRESHMAN BABY SHOW—You might have been a beautiful baby, but . . .
- 26 SPRING VACATION—Home again . . . but he’s in the army now.

April:

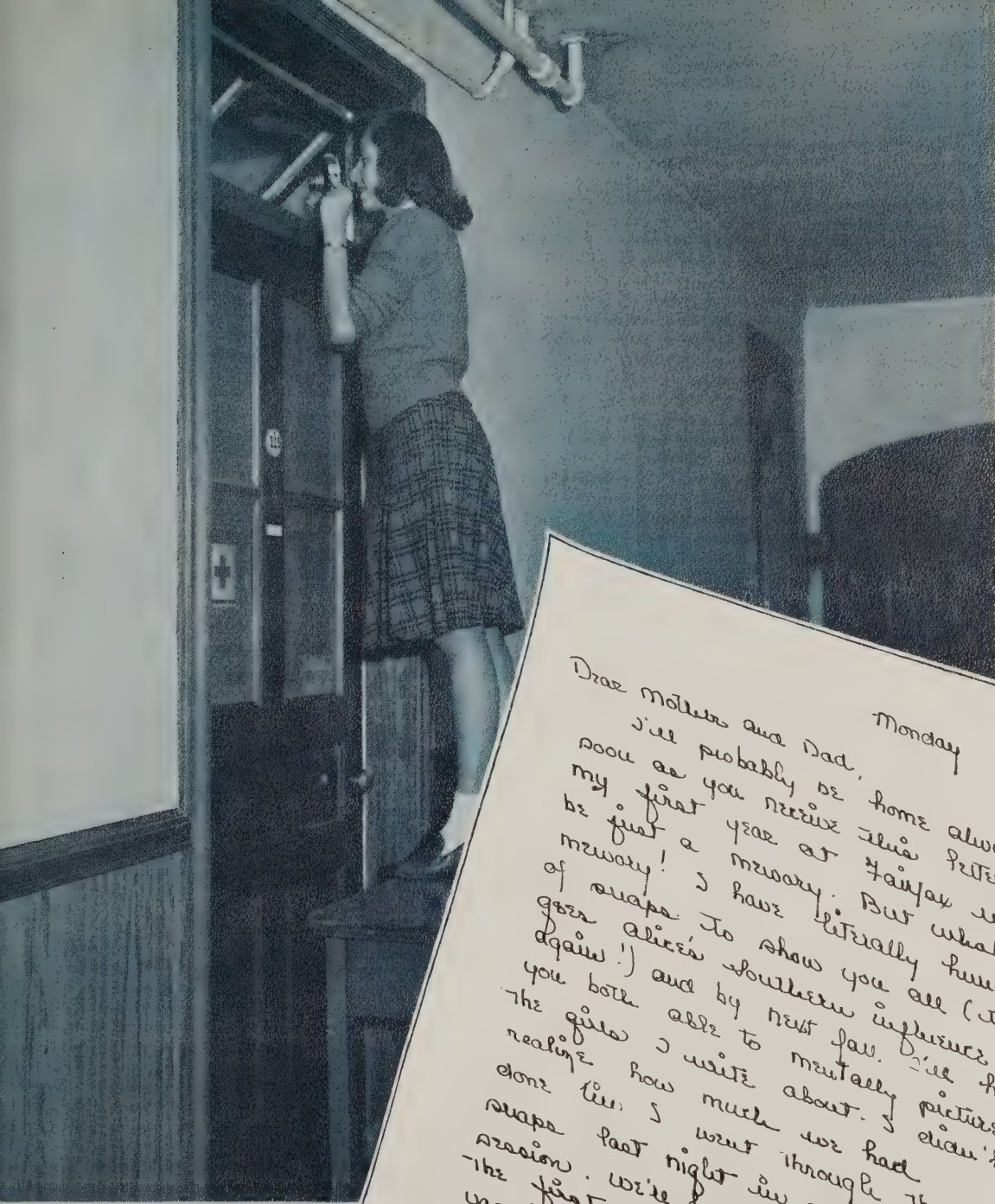
- 6 RETURN—To the last lap . . . Easter bonnets . . . spring fever.
- 10 S. M. A. DANCE—“I’ll get along without you very well.”
- 18 BARN DANCE—Junior College Class . . . hep-de-hoody, and slap-happy babies!

May:

- 8 MAY DAY AND ALUMNAE WEEK-END—Flowers, laughter and honors.
- 9 HORSESHOW AND DANCE—Sponsored by the Boots and Saddle Club.
—BARBECUE—A day of play in the hay . . . good ’n horsy.
- 29 EXAMS START—The grand finale.

June:

- 5 FINALS—The last good-bye . . . poor F. M. S.!
- 6 TRADITIONAL CHAIN AND ANCHOR CEREMONY—Tying the home and school.
- 7 BACCALAUREATE SERMON—A challenge to the future.
- 8 GRADUATION—Sheepskins . . . joy, tears, and auld lang syne.



Monday
Dear Mother and Dad,
I'll probably be home almost as
soon as you receive this letter, and
my first year at Fairfax will
be just a memory. But what a
memory! I have literally hundreds
of snaps to show you all (there
goes Alice's Southern influence
again!) and by next fall, I'll have
you both able to mutually picture
the girls I write about. I didn't
realize how much we had
done (in I went through the
snaps last night in a bull
session. We'll have to spend
the first few days of school
vacation talking about
I just can't put my feelings
in writing.
Love,
Chris

SNAPSHOTS













A Flaming Torch of Hope

There is a flaming torch that burns within our
souls,
A lasting hope that when this war of hell on
earth
Has taken from life, without mercy, its costly
tolls,
World-wide brotherhood shall have its rightful
birth.

And though, in doubt, this flame may flicker
now and then
Or shrink away when hope is lost with grief
in us,
It shall not be extinguished from the hearts of
men,
For God has given them as if their sole trust.

One day this flame will burn a path and show
the way
To glory and peace, which we fought for not
in vain.
It will burn through the mist that clouds our
eyes today,
And, in this way, a brotherhood of man yet
attain.

—BETTY SHERMAN.

Just Because

Just because I'm lonesome, and
Just because I'm blue,
I thought that I would sit down and
Write a note to you—
To tell you how I miss you, how
I dream of you each night,
And to tell you how your letters make
My darkest days seem bright;
How I'm always thinking of you,
And just to let you know
That though there are miles between us,
Darling, I love you so!

—TIM SERAT.

Every Woman's Prayer

When you have gone away from me
Across that dark and dismal sea,
That breach between the now and then,
Why should my heart be free again?

Why should my heart face life alone?
Alone, without the sun that shone;
Alone, without the stars and moon—
Alone in life with grief too soon.

My life of course has gone with you;
The moon and stars and sun have too.
Must I live on without you, my soul,
Without my heart; just death my goal?

My darling one, come back to me!
Back o'er that dark and dismal sea.
Great God, please spare my dearest one;
Send him back safe when victory's won.

—BETTY SHERMAN.

A Prelude to the Symphony of Death

At first it was so faint,
That call that soon grew near
Enough for all to hear
Its plea without constraint.

Soon too there could be seen
That gaunt and dismal rank,
But not its open flank—
Our sight was not that keen.

At first there were but few
Tramping in step to it;
But now I must admit
Those lines are filled anew.

Too quickly are they filled,
Those ranks if e'er they thin.
Oh, it is such a sin
So many must be killed!

Then all our men were gone;
Some wouldn't return we knew,
But still that bugler blew;
The plea to death trilled on.

That tuneless melody
Kept ringing in their brains,
Bending them as strong chains.
There was no remedy.

At least we had this thought:
The foe could not subsist;
The dead too did resist
On battles fiercely fought.

Side by side they did fight,
Our living and our dead.
Do you wonder they fled,
That foe of ours, from Right?

And though that bugler blows,
And though his ranks increase,
'Tis they who'll win our peace
And check fore'er our foes.

Unlike a simple etude,
With a strange and forceful breath
That bugler blew his prelude
To the symphony of death.

—BETTY SHERMAN.

On Writing Letters

It was another one of those dreary Sunday afternoons when no one has anything better to do than to "get mad" at each other. I lay on my bed thinking about the many "thousands" of letters that I had to write. Envelopes lined themselves up and marched around in little troupes, pointing their guns threateningly at me, and demanding that I put some masterful script in their respective selves and send them to the many different parts of the continent. I stubbornly told myself a definite "No," that I could put them off until tomorrow, or the next day, or just any old time that I got the inspiration. Why should I write letters anyway? It just meant that they would be answered (I just love to receive letters) and then I would have to write some more again. I settled myself down comfortably into the groove of my bed and tried to think of some of the sweeter things in life. For some reason those tough little envelope people would not go away, try as I would to drive them off. They tried to reason with me, but finding that absolutely impossible they decided to declare war. They called out the cavalry, the artillery, the infantry, the air corps, the fleet. I dug myself more deeply into my groove, grit my teeth, folded my arms and didn't budge. The battle raged on, and finally I was sitting at my desk, staring dreamily out of the window, trying to gather some material, after having placed the familiar words, "My dearest Mother," on my stationery.

—SUE MCKINNEY.

Two Meanings for Working Your Way Through High School!

Some people may come to the door of your home and say, "Madam, I'm working my way through school, and I was wondering if you would like to buy a magazine on 'How to Eat Celery.' It would help a great deal, and they are only ten cents." That is the most well-known way of getting to Yale, Cornell, or the school you've had your heart set on entering. Others get there by waiting on tables in their school dining room, or by helping in the offices, but there is one way most people forget!

For an example, I shall take myself. I was all excited when I learned I was coming away to school. I bought new clothes, got the addresses of all my friends, and packed with great joy. When the happy day came for me to leave home, I was full of school spirit, pep and fight! Gradually, as school wore on, I lost those qualities. After the first six weeks were over, I lost all faith in myself—almost all faith—because my

grades were so sad; but, after the second six weeks' report, a new flame of hope arose within me. I got up early in the morning to study. I studied all day—an eternity. Finally improvement smiled through the hard labor. Then, working your way through school has a second meaning. Let the moral of this tale be to work hard, the only way to succeed.

—JEAN DAVIS.

Evacuees

To the cities of our land will our hearts at once
return
When the victory bells are ringing out the peace
for which we yearn;
For Plymouth, Bristol, Portsmouth, and every
other town
That bears the scars of battle deserves a golden
crown,
And most of all our London whose spirit shining
strong
Faced death but not surrender with humor and
with song.
So our exiles' weary waiting must end in joyful
tears,
With resolve to make our future home worth all
the weary years.
New cities where our children with pride and
love may gain
A glory from the ageless past and happily
remain.

—E. M. W.

My Christmas Prayer

'Tis nearing Christmas Day and excitement fills
the air.
Everyone is gay and joy is everywhere.
The candles in the windows, shining from afar,
Gleam as they did that blessed night the shep-
herds saw the star.
Bright childish faces, reflecting a glimpse of
years to come,
Shine with a radiance as of the brilliant morning
sun;
While those of the old, thinking thoughts of the
past,
Peacefully glow as they behold happiness
achieved at last.
'Tis a glorious season of cheer when Nature dons
her mantle of white,
When every doubt and fear disappears in the
silence of the night;
When chapel bells ring out their messages of
peace,
May our prayer for this Yuletide be that all
conflict will cease.

—JEAN TRAMMELL.

On Evacuating the Children from London

The waves rolled in on a sandy shore,
Whilst overhead the sky was clear.
It was hard to think of the approaching war,
Hard to remember that the conflict was near.
And yet not many days ago,
When we were tramping London's streets,
We knew that it was really so,
For we had heard the rapid beats
Of the soldiers' marching pace
As they passed us quickly by;
Nowhere was there a saddened face,
Nowhere a tearful eye.
We knew that soon, very soon,
The planes would appear overhead
Ere the rise of the big full moon,
And leave behind wounded and dead.
Then they told us that we must leave,
And go to some country place;
They said it would relieve
The strain and stress of their pace
To know that we were safe.

II

So we came here to Devon one sunny day,
Where all is quiet and all is peace.
All day we work and then we play;
I hope this joy will never cease.
The joy of being free once more,
If only for a little while!
For no longer is it a chore
To live in the familiar style.
I feel so sorry for those back there
Who have to bear all the pain,
For they will solemnly prepare
So that Dunkirk will not come again.

III

Some of my friends went to the States
Across the bright blue sea;
They write that everything is great
And that there's so much to see.
One of them went up to Maine
To visit an aunt who lives up there.
He went in a modernistic train
And said that the thing did really tear.
Another went to Connecticut,
Where so many crops are grown;
She went out while the hay was cut,
And watched the seed as it was sown.

IV

We are all of us so lucky
To be away from the fight;
Our soldiers are so plucky,
I know we will soon see the light.
Our friends across the big blue sea
Are helping in so many ways,

Therefore it is our earnest plea
That maybe one of these days
We will be able to pay them back
For all that they have done.
And then perhaps the Union Jack
Together with the Stars and Stripes
Will blow as one in the noon-day sun.

V

So let's pull together is what I say,
And wipe those Germans off the earth;
For soon, I'm sure, we'll see the day
When we can again enjoy some mirth.
Forth into battle we will go
With anger seething under our breath,
And though the going may be slow,
We will fight until our death.

—MARY B. LEE.

A Christmas Legend

One of the most interesting Christmas legends I have ever heard is the story of the White Christmas Roses. Until the first Christmas, roses had always been red, but on that night were grown the first white roses. A young girl's love for Christ was the cause of the miracle.

When the angels announced to the shepherds the coming of the Christ, there was present one other person, Carita, the daughter of the chief of the shepherds. Her mother had been dead for several years, and the young girl, having no other place to stay, had come out onto the plains to live in her father's tent. That night, through the open flap of the tent, she had seen the band of angels and had heard their wonderful news.

As she lay on her pallet, thinking about this great and long-awaited event, her father came in to prepare for his visit to the Infant King. He took the finest thing he had for a gift. It was a perfectly cured wolf skin. When Carita saw him take out this treasured pelt, she guessed what he was going to do. At once she jumped up from her bed and begged to be allowed to go with him and the other shepherds to find the Christ. Her father wanted to take her, but he knew that she could not walk as fast as the men, that she would soon be tired, and that he would have to bring her back. He refused her and started out with the other shepherds.

Carita waited until they were almost out of sight. Then, catching up her heavy cloak, she followed them. The girl had to run to keep an even distance behind the shepherds. The snow lay deep on the ground, and the going was hard. Since the men did not keep to the road but cut across the fields, Carita stumbled into great drifts. Many times she sank into holes nearly as deep as she was tall.

As she trudged on, she wished that she had

brought something, anything, to give to the Christ. Why had she not thought to bring her little painted wooden box or even her good blue knitted shawl? It would at least have been a sign of her devotion to the Lord. Now, perhaps, He would not know of her faith and might not even see her. Bitter tears of grief rolled down her cheeks and dropped into the snow. From each spot where a drop fell sprang up a full-blown rose, but, instead of being red, each one was white, to show the purity of the girl's heart.

One moment when she stopped to catch her breath, she happened to glance behind her. She saw the flowers and quickly gathered a bunch. She went on, far happier than before.

She arrived in the stable behind the inn at Bethlehem a few seconds after the shepherds, and, timidly creeping up beside them, she laid down her gift at the feet of the Infant Saviour. At that instant, it is said that an angel came down from the heavens and, enfolding her gently in his wings, bestowed on her his highest blessing.

—MARY McGRIFF.

Stormy Weather

The words "stormy weather" will, I think, always call to my mind the memory of one particular storm. It was not really a storm; it was the tail end of a one hundred and twenty mile hurricane with a little tornado mixed in. This is the worst weather I have ever been out in, and I hope that I shall never have another such experience.

Five summers ago I was spending a few weeks down on St. John's Bayou, which is an inlet of the Gulf of Mexico. This community is one of those forgotten districts into which neither radios nor newspapers ever penetrate. Thus, though we all knew that for days the skies had been dark and threatening, we had no idea that the worst hurricane in years was just about to strike further down on the coast of Florida.

One evening a group of us started to walk through the woods to the little store which was about two miles away. We were, perhaps, half way there when suddenly the gulf breeze which had been blowing gently became an angry, raging wind. Rain began to come down in apparently solid sheets. All light from the sky was blotted out. Deafening claps of thunder were heard. And streaks of lightning shot violently back and forth.

Tripping and stumbling, we started back to the house. The only light we had was the unreliable lightning. Huge limbs were being torn off as though by giant hands. While I groped my way forward, I felt that at any minute I would be crushed by a falling limb. However, instead

of this, I fell and caught my foot in a twisted root. Frantically, I tried to shout louder than the wind, the thunder, and the crashing of the forest. I thought I could never make myself heard. Finally, someone—I couldn't tell who it was—came back and freed me from the root. We stumbled on.

As we drew near the house, we could hear the waves in the bay, tossing wildly, much higher than I had ever seen them. Soon some conscientious person decided that we should check the boats and see that they were tied securely. Down we went and crawled out on the tottering pier. I have never been so afraid. Each second I just knew the pier was falling and that I would be lapped up by the hungry waves. The worst thing of all was to find that, after we had inched out way over that narrow, shaking pier in utter darkness, the three boats had already been blown away.

Disgustedly, though still fearfully, we retraced our path and made our way to the house. The lights were all out. Rain was blowing in under every door and window. Shutters were flapping violently. But, still, I was in the shelter of a house. I have never been so glad to be in a house and out of the weather before. I can never forget the misery of that hour and I hope that I shall never again see such stormy weather.

—MARY McGRIFF.

This Thing Called War

What is this thing called war
That men slaughter others for,
This loss of life and maimed limb,
This horror and destruction grim?

What is this thing called war,
Wild Juggernaut on towering car
That crushes down on human life
With sacrifice and sorrow rife?

What is this thing called war,
That leaves the world a livid scar?
Where villages and parks once stood,
Now barren plain and treeless wood.

What is this thing called war?
Its leaders say it is a star
That must be followed, come what may,
Though souls be lost within the fray.

Can we not have peace on earth,
Cannot pure freedom have rebirth?
The time seems long, is peace so far?
Cannot man live without this war?

What is this thing called war?
O God, what is it for?

—MARY McGRIFF.

"It's Fun to Use Crepe Paper"

There came in the mail at noon one day
A package most exciting.
We eagerly carried it up the stairs,
An experience quite delighting.

Down on the floor we carefully set it,
And hastily took the top off,
But when we saw what lay therein,
I thought my temper would pop off.

For there arranged like a window display,
In rows laid off precisely,
Were innumerable rolls of "*le papier crepe*,"
Which they said would flute "so nicely."

We cut it in strips, and curled the edges,
But I was red with anger;
For I thought, "I know that my fate will be
To marry a paper-hanger."

Not yet was our labor with the stuff at end,
For we draped it ever so neatly
O'er ceiling and wall of our barren gym
'Til covered it was completely.

Weary were we as we dressed for the dance;
"Decorate" means hard working.
Nearly too tired for thoughts of fun!
(I hope no tears I'm jerking.)

All in all, it's a terrible job,
But if heart and feet cut a caper,
I can say with the rest of them,
"It's fun to use Crepe Paper!"

—MARY McGRUFF.

On Waiting for Word

People all over the world are found to be waiting for things at one time or another. In one house it may be a birth and in one a death, but today the peoples of all countries, races and creeds are to be found waiting for word from the loved ones who have been taken away from them by the cruelties of war. The boys in the uniform of the armed forces of our country have to face the hardships and the miseries of war, but the families and friends they leave behind face the untold agonies of—waiting.

People often say that no news is good news, but often no news is the hardest kind to take. The newspapers say there was a battle, but what about Johnny? The radio reports a destroyer attacked. Was it my son's ship? These thoughts and many more run through a mother's or father's mind and through the minds of countless others, but all over the world people find they can do nothing but wait and hope. Mrs. S. waited, hoped, and prayed for the safety of her son. Her undying courage and the unfaltering

trust she had symbolizes all the American Mothers throughout the country. She made no scene, but went about her daily duties with a calm and cheerful manner. When the news did come of her son's safety, she cried a little, perhaps, but of one thing I am certain, she prayed for the safety of other women's boys throughout the wide-spread battlefields and the far-reaching oceans.

This new and terrible war will show the courage of the peoples of all the world who say, "We can wait for word."

—JEANNE LIEDERMAN.

Keep Your Chin Up

Today we heard from the powers that be
A foe had struck from across the sea.
The blow fell hard on our peaceful world,
As though a thunderbolt had been hurled;
Our safe little shell has fallen away,
We're facing reality here today.
It came so quickly, this grim attack,
We've lost our reason—the future's black.
In the powerful strokes of the enemy's pen,
Girls changed to women and boys to men.
Sweethearts and fathers, boys we know,
Will be called to duty; they have to go.
Tears won't help, while smiles do;
Others beside you need cheering too.
Remember the heritage our forefathers gave,
We're the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—TIM SERAT.

Love and Me

Once I thought love was everything,
That it made the world go 'round,
That it was why the sun came up
And why the raindrops fell.
It made my heart bloom like the spring;
My life was all of bliss.
No task, no duty seemed too great
So long as love was mine.
It gave new insight into life;
It gave me greater depth.
Through it I saw the hearts of all,
The cares, the joys they knew.
But, when no longer love was mine,
I had to start anew
And find my way through life, unhelped;
My strength was the strength of love.
No longer did I have that bond
Which joined me at once with all,
For I had lost love, the magic charm,
Which opened the world to me.
Once I thought love was everything,
But now I know—it was.

—MARY McGRUFF.

The Chain and Anchors Song

Clang, clang, clang on the anvil
On the campus of our Fairfax Hall.
To her daughters who live in every country
Fairfax Hall sends out her call.
Clang, clang on the anvil—
There are links to bind us together one and all.

Clang, clang, clang on the anvil!
And the flames of the forges leap.
Tomorrow we shall all scatter
And go forth new victories to reap.
Clang, clang on the anvil,
We will weld our friendship together one and all.

Clang, clang, clang on the anvil!
And the sparks from our links do fly.
Fairfax with banners high and waving
Bids her daughters a very fond good-bye.
Clang, clang on the anvil,
Welding links to lengthen the chain of Fairfax
Hall.

Clang, clang, clang on the anvil
On the campus of our Fairfax Hall.
To her daughters who live in every country
Fairfax Hall sends out her call.
Clang, clang on the anvil—
There are links to bind us together one and all.
Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

Student Directory

AGRICOLA, JOYCE	Gadsden, Ala.
ANDERSON, FRANCES	3244 Oak Street, Jacksonville, Fla.
ANDREWS, EMILY	1227 South 21st Street, Birmingham, Ala.
BALL, ANNA	Purcellville, Va.
BLACKWELL, MARY	3111 Sunset Avenue, Richmond, Va.
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CALHOUN, MARTHA	2811 Pine Road, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
CARROLL, BETTY	315 Starling Avenue, Martinsville, Va.
CAZENEUVE, FRANCES	1134 Park Terrace, Plainfield, N. J.
COLES, PHYLLIS	Waynesboro, Va.
COMER, BETTY	Sylacauga, Ala.
COVENTRY, EDYTHE	40 Huntington Street, New Brunswick, N. J.
COX, JANE	70 Leicester Street, Port Chester, N. Y.
CROWE, JESSIE	210 Park Avenue, Stroudsburg, Pa.
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DAVIS, CAROL	2912 Simondale Drive, Fort Worth, Tex.
DAVIS, JEAN	2632 44th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
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DINGMAN, KATHRYN	47 Grandview Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.
DUDLEY, EVALINE	Waynesboro, Va.
EDWARDS, ANN	Dade City, Fla.
ELLSWORTH, GWENDOLYN	20 West Ninth Street, New York City
EVANS, CAROLINE	606 Hazel Road, Charleston, W. Va.
FARRIN, WINIFRED	24 St. Francis Street, St. Augustine, Fla.
FAY, SUZETTE	1577 44th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
FLOYD, LUCY LOU	Waynesboro, Va.
FORD, HELEN	505 Mulberry Street, Martinsville, Va.
FORRESTEL, JOAN	Waynesboro, Va.
FOSTER, ALINE	Oban-Wardour, Annapolis, Md.
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FUENMAYOR, MERCEDES	3024 Rivermont Avenue, Lynchburg, Va.
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GARTNER, LORRAINE	95 Shaw Avenue, Edgewood, R. I.
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GORDON, JUSTINE	1165 Park Avenue, New York City
GREEN, PEGGY ANN	1234 South 29th Street, Birmingham, Ala.
HAFNER, NANCY	2221 Ward Parkway, Fort Worth, Tex.
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HEATH, JOYCE	115 Orchard Place, Ithaca, N. Y.
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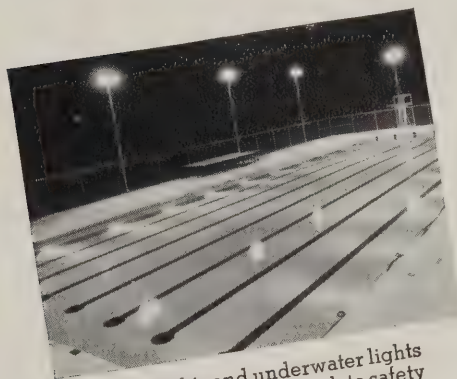
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Hi Leroy
I'm so
glad that I
finally met you.
You're just as
sweet as Bobbie.
said you were.
Lots of love
hope to see you
soon again.
Laird

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